The Saturday Review of Literature

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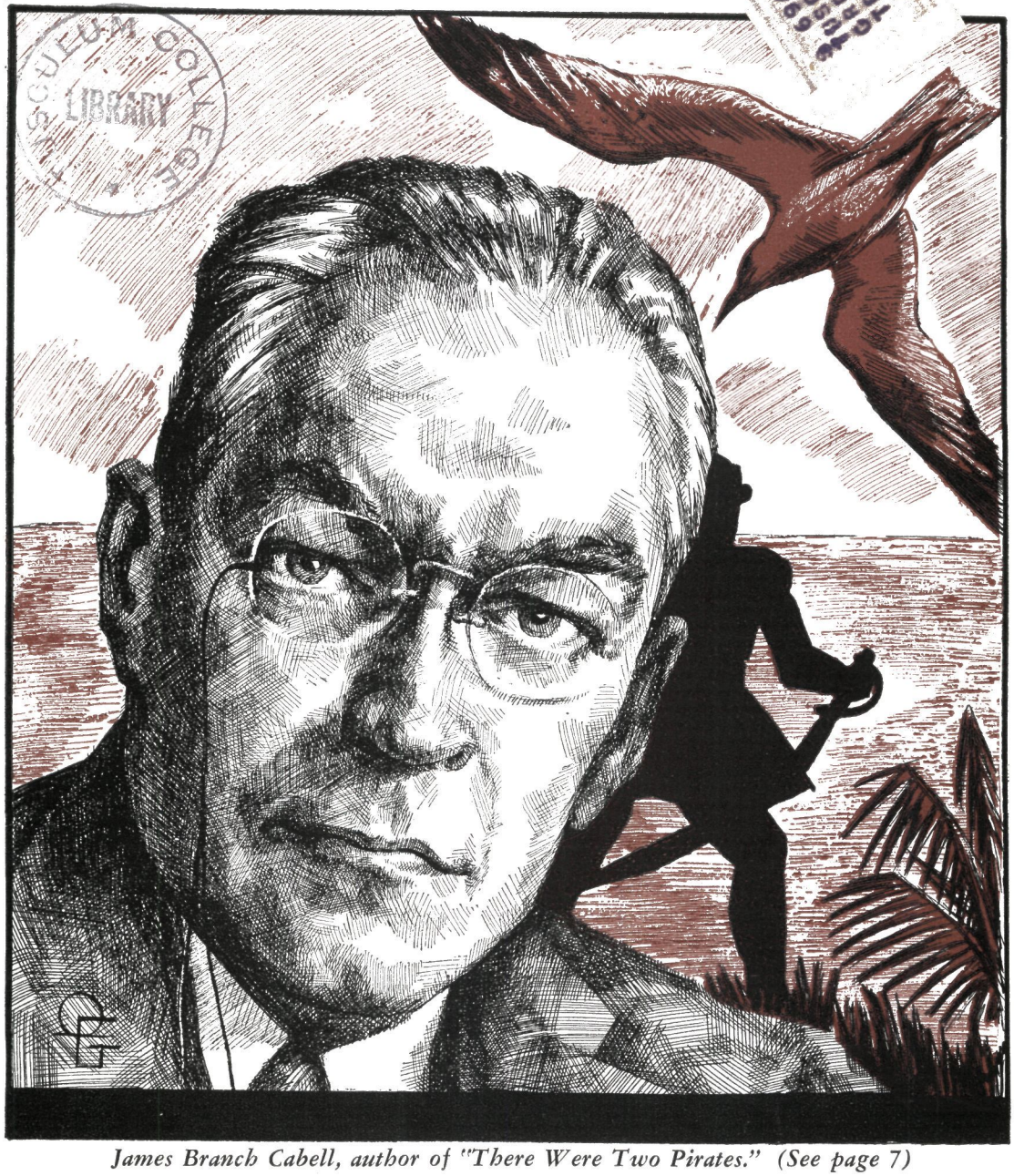

James Branch Cabell, author of "There Were Two Pirates." *(See page 7)*

Their Brothers' Keepers

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

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This Week

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Articles

PAGE

THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS
By Richard L. Neuberger..... 5

A ROSE FOR REMEMBRANCE
By Harrison Smith.....11

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOKS: WRITING ABOUT AMERICA
By Mary Gould Davis.....30

Reviews

THERE WERE TWO PIRATES
By James Branch Cabell
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman..... 7

PLEASE SEND ME, ABSOLUTELY FREE
By Arkady Leokum
Reviewed by Hobe Morrison..... 8

ASYLUM PIECE
By Anna Kavan
Reviewed by Leo Lerman..... 9

CONCORD AND LIBERTY
By José Ortega y Gasset
Reviewed by Jerome Frank.....10

A LITTLE TREASURY OF MODERN POETRY, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
Edited by Oscar Williams
Reviewed by Gerard Previn Meyer...12

THE FIRE OF THE LORD
By Norman Nicholson
Reviewed by Libby Benedict.....13

PRESENTLY TOMORROW
By Joyce Marshall
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay...14

MAINE CHARM STRING
By Elinor Graham
Reviewed by Louise Dickinson Rich..14

THE FINGERS OF NIGHT
By Hubert Creekmore
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels.....22

Departments

LITERARY I.Q.....15

EDITORIAL 16

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....19

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....20

HEARING THINGS
By Paul Henry Lang.....24

LITERARY CRYPT.....26

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....29

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....32

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 646.....35

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"THE time can't be far off when I shall be taken away. It will be at night, probably, that they will come for me . . . I know that I am doomed and I'm not going to struggle against my fate. I am only writing this down so that when you do not see me any more you will know that my enemy has triumphed."

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"The great bird which always hovers above swoops lower and fills my head with the stridence of his black wing-beats . . . an iron band has been clamped round my head, and just at this moment the jailer strikes the cold metal a ringing blow . . . so it has come upon me, the doom too long awaited . . . the end without end, the bannerless triumph of the enemy who, after all appears to be close as a brother."

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DOUBLEDAY

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Paris

Dear Joe:

Paris is wonderful. From the moment I saw from Le Bourget the towers of the horrid Sacre Coeur shining in the distance, I knew I was coming home again.

The first day set the pace for the rest. It was a wild round of seeing people and talking to people from early morning to early morning, and ought to have killed me. I believe I was saved by having to take a long walk home most mornings, there being no taxis, no Metro, no buses after midnight. As ever, Paris was lovely in the moonlight.

All of which sounds astonishingly unlike work, but don't misjudge me too soon. I talked to publishers and agents in Paris. I drank with some authors in cafes and elsewhere and got some lines on the future. I had dinner with P and his very charming wife and both of them told me what many other people in Paris told me, that there was "little" being presently produced of permanent value in France. One trouble with French publishing today, as I gathered, is the eternal black market. Publishers pretend they can only bring out small editions and do so for the public market, then bring out large editions for sale to the black market (fantastically high prices) and cheat the authors who get mad and won't write.

The black market is everywhere in Paris and so much in the light of day that it is really becoming a grey market. Restaurants are divided into categories A, B, and C, with fixed price menus. The procedure is the same in all. You are shown a fixed price menu which is so disgusting that you involuntarily say, "Haven't you anything else?". Then the waiter says, "I will ask Madame, but of course it would mean a small supplement." And then you get a first class meal and pay through the nose for it. There are also some more honest black market restaurants where they cut out the comedy and charge a bigger supplement.

Maybe by the time you get this I shall be on my way to Warsaw. I'm feeling like hell from a series of inoculations in quick-fire time—typhus, cholera, smallpox, influenza.

Malmö

Blue eyes and bicycles. Big blue eyes, millions of them, and millions of bicycles not quite so big. That, and the square neatness of Swedish architecture and Swedish lakes and Swedish food and Swedish men (but not Swedish women: they have curves in all the proper places and very nice curves, too), is Sweden to me. It really is a delightful country. People are civil. Tips are officially discouraged, unofficially not refused. There are window-boxes of geraniums around the stations and the cafes and a general sense of order and propriety and solidity (but not stolidity—the people one sees and hears seem gay enough). And with it all a very evident sense of guilt, or frustration, or whatever it is, at having been out of the Big Show. People on trains and in hotels and in the street talk to me and ask solicitously, "How is England now?" and when I answer, as I must, "Depressing", they look confused and rather shamefaced. Yet, as the post-offices in Malmö and Göteborg bear witness, they are all sending parcels of food abroad, and do *not* eat as much as they did. There is none of the old smörgåsbord, and ration tickets are required for everything, even in restaurants. But it is still so much a rich country. Food is good, clothes are good, tobacco shops are stuffed full of English and American tobacco and cigarettes, fruit shops with all kinds of things unobtainable in England.

This morning I was feeling very browned off with the whole country, albeit unjustly. I was routed by airplane to Göteborg, train to Malmö, train ferry Malmö to Gdynia, and train Gdynia-Warsaw. It was all right as far as Malmö except for the not unimportant fact that the train to Malmö arrived one hour late, which was half an hour after the train ferry for Gdynia left. So I had to spend the night in this hotel—clean, comfortable, telephone in every room but no baths; you get those from an Amazon in the public baths in Sweden.

I'll have to stop but not before I've given you this Note on a Proud Neutral: In the Swedish Air Lines office in Haymarket, London, there is a big map of Europe and a legend on it saying "During the war Swedish aircraft made 366 flights between England and Stockholm". Did I hear somebody drop a rocket?

Best to all,

Tommy

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
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By the time this appears, Tommy Hindle should be with us again. We hope the results of his perceptive travels will show in our future publications.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Their Brothers' Keepers

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE heavy train plunged down the gorge of the Columbia River, and Staff Sergeant Taro Asai of the 37th United States Army Infantry Division looked out the coach window on the familiar scene. He was coming home after 44 months in the Southwest Pacific. Yet he wondered if he would have a home. His parents were not yet out of the relocation camp a thousand miles from the Pacific seaboard. His three brothers were still in the Army; the Hood River Post of the American Legion had taken their four names off the service men's honor roll on the sandstone county courthouse.

The whistle's long call and the clutch of brake shoes on the wheels brought Taro to his feet. He picked up his duffle bag. Once he bent to look out the window again. He saw the sloping green headland where the riffled stream from the mountains poured its glacial tribute into the broad Columbia. At Oregon State College, Taro had learned about the moment in history when a pair of Army officers named Meriwether Lewis and William Clark had gone ashore there and been welcomed and fed by men with red skins.

Still, a man with a yellow skin might not have a home to return to in Hood River. . . .

The cab took Taro past the courthouse. He peered at the white plaques on the side of the building. Some were freshly painted and not stained by weather. Four caught his glance—Gene Asai, Masami Asai, Masaaki Asai, Taro Asai. The names were back, the names that had been torn down while his division was fighting its way across the long island battleground: New Guinea, the Solomons, the Philippines.

The cab passed the fir-planked Methodist church and Taro hoped he could see the Rev. Mr. Burgoyne's tall figure in the arched doorway. The minister had written him to his APO address that in the house of God in Hood River men were judged by their deeds and not by their color.

The valley looked as Taro had seen it last. Four years had not changed a crag on the brooding snow peak which dominated the horizon. Orchards still ribbed the slanting slopes with rows of green. The green was darker where the Ponderosa pines took up the struggle against the fury of the mountain; then they, too, surrendered at timberline's ragged fringe.

Taro wondered about the 40 acres of fruit trees that his father Sagoro had planted long ago as an immigrant from Japan. Countless hours of toil had wrested the orchard from the grip of insects, disease, drought, and the mountain's chilling storms. What had four years of neglect done to it? Had the battle been lost?

Carl Smith and his wife walked across the road as the cab stopped at the dusty corners on R.F.D. 3. The Smiths had been living in the valley when the railroad bridge was thrust across Hood River's white-foamed junction with the Columbia.

"Welcome home, Taro," said the farmer. "We kept your place in shape for you."

The white settler and the soldier of Japanese origin shook hands, and Taro looked at the trees which sloped off toward the center of the valley floor. Apple, pear, and cherry—they stood in orderly files like one of his Nisei platoons. No weeds choked the tree roots. Water trilled through the irrigation flumes. Neatly-cropped bunches of grass anchored the sod against the winds that the mountain so often hurled in defiance at these agricultural intruders.

The sergeant turned to the white couple watching him. The words of gratitude came hesitantly. Mrs. Smith interrupted him. "You'd better stay with us, Taro," she said, "until we can get your house cleaned up and ready."

THE Japanese have returned to the Hood River Valley. Thirty-year-old Taro Asai, honorably discharged American infantryman, is only one

Four o'clock and suppertime in a Western relocation camp. A drawing by Miné Okubo from her forthcoming book, "Citizen 13660."

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of the people with yellow skin to go back to the vernal agricultural upland from which the local post of the American Legion not so long ago tried to bar Japanese families forever.

On the day that a bomb made in a Japanese munitions works dropped into the funnel of the battleship *Nevada* at Pearl Harbor, 126,947 men, women, and children of Japanese ancestry were living in the United States. Of this number 112,353 were residents of the Pacific Coast. By order of Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt of the Western Defense Command, these people could no longer live on the seaboard. They had to be relocated back of the Cascades and Sierras. Lofty mountains had to stand between them and the great ocean which had become an amphitheatre of war. The order applied even to infants and to a retired United States Navy chief petty officer of Japanese descent dwelling along an Alaskan fiord.

Eventually, most of the Japanese in the United States were cleared by the FBI. But the older folks stayed in relocation camps. The Nisei young men were accepted for service in the American Army. Some of them fought valiantly in Italy. Others waged war in the Pacific against the land of their ancestry; as scouts they were invaluable because of their appearance and their knowledge of the Japanese language. Many of them lost their lives.

Yet jingoism pays no heed to sacrifice. The Hearst press insisted that Japanese must never again live on the Pacific Coast. Self-appointed organizers went from town to town, forming anti-Japanese groups. Prejudice against the Nisei ran high. It was expressed with greatest emotionalism in the Hood River Valley, where prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor 700 of the county's 11,000 inhabitants had been farm people of Japanese origin.

Post No. 22 of the American Legion in Hood River voted to remove from its honor roll the names of all service men of Japanese descent. The Rev. Sherman Burgoyne, whose oak-shaded church had been the scene of many Nisei weddings and services, immediately declared that any list thus limited as to race, creed, or color could not continue to be suspended from the eaves of the county courthouse, which belonged to all the people of Hood River.

WITH the issue joined, national attention was focused on the little fruit-growing community in the upper Columbia Basin. The Portland *Oregonian* pointed out with proper irony that Frank Hachiya, one of the Nisei whose names had not been deemed worthy of the Hood River honor roll, had just been awarded the Silver Star posthumously for gallantry in action on Leyte Island.

Pressure from national headquarters of the American Legion eventually forced Post No. 22 to restore the Nisei plaques. But syphilis is never cured by excision of the chancre which evidences it. Hood River Legion leaders contended their decision had been right. Stationery appeared with a photograph of the orchard valley across the top. Underneath the photograph was printed:

"There is No Room in This Picture for Japs."

Yet recently the War Relocation Authority announced: "The situation in the Hood River Valley attracted more national interest than any other. However, it seems that most of the original Japanese-American families have returned to Hood River and that they are not facing any particular discriminatory tactics."

The story of the white people who wanted their yellow-skinned neighbors to come back to Hood River is a fitting sequel to the tale of the red tribesmen who greeted the buckskin-clad Army officers at the Hood's union with the Columbia a century and a half ago.

When General DeWitt issued his order, Lois Ogawa and her widowed mother Sue were sent to the Tule Lake Relocation Camp. They had enough money saved so that Lois's older sister Kiyo could study Christian sociology at Schauffler College in Ohio. Lois's 23-year-old brother Masao fought with the Third Army in Germany.

"Our 20 acres would have been ruined," said Lois, "if it hadn't been for Mr. Taylor. He sprayed the trees. He weeded the orchard. Keeping up the irrigation ditches was only one of the things he did for us. We bless his name. Without his help we would have nothing left now."

MR. TAYLOR turned out to be a 72-year-old orchardist with a gray mustache. He said he was treasurer of the Methodist Church and that his wife had taught the Ogawa children in school. "They're fine Christian people," he claimed. "To let them be persecuted would be a sin. Besides, my minister told us that the Lord didn't judge people by race or color."

The minister turned out to be a bushy-haired, active man who prided himself on being directly descended from the British general who was defeated by American troops at Saratoga. W. Sherman Burgoyne was the spiritual founder in Hood River of the League for Liberty and Justice. "We took our name," he pointed out, "from the last phrase in the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag."

The League for Liberty and Justice defended Hood River's Japanese families against the criticisms voiced by the Legion and the local Chamber of Commerce. The League asked for proof of charges of disloyalty. It told Japanese farmers that they did not have to sell their land, as a pressure campaign was demanding they do.

Fierce tensions were produced at first. Because the Carl Smiths took care of the Asai orchard, their lifelong neighbors down the road refused to speak to them. The Smiths were called "Jap lovers." The neighbors were prominent Hood River County Democrats. But Mrs. Max Moore, whose grandfather had carried the Democratic banner before the Union Pacific was put through, joined the League for Liberty and Justice. In the window of her electric shop Mrs. Moore tacked a League poster and a picture of F. D. R.

Mr. Burgoyne announced that Sergeant Henry Gosho of Merrill's Marauders, just back from Burma, would speak from the pulpit of the Methodist Church. Legion leaders waited on him in protest. The minister replied that Sergeant Gosho wore the Bronze Star, the combat infantryman's badge, and the Presidential unit citation, whereas some of the men trying to prevent his appearance had never left American shores in World War I. Sergeant Gosho spoke—to packed pews.

Prominent Legionnaires promised to take the issue to Mr. Burgoyne's superiors. Bishop Bruce R. Baxter backed up his pastor in Hood River.

(*Continued on page 27*)

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A True "Comedy of Division"

THERE WERE TWO PIRATES. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1946. 121 pp. $3.

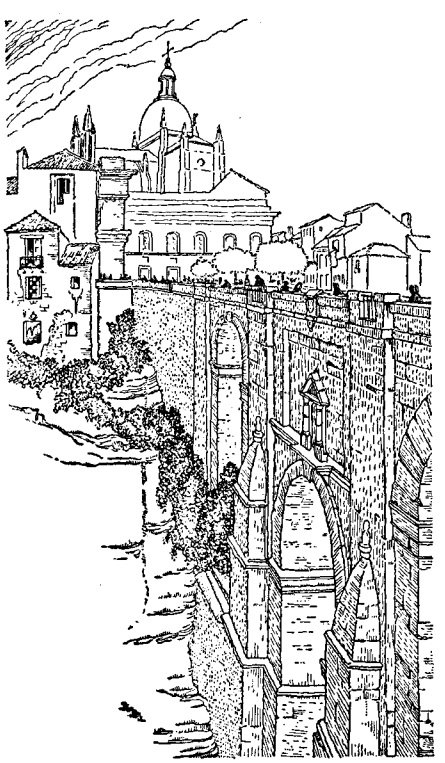
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN a time of rapid and even catastrophic change, it is pleasant to have at least a few things that are unchanging, that are just as they were when we first knew them. Among these comparatively few things there are sunrises and sunsets, white clouds in a summer sky, the way of a humming-bird with flowers, the aspects of the sea in calm and storm, and, not to prolong the list, James Branch Cabell's way with a story. Artificial phenomenon though the last may be, its reliability is hardly less than that of the natural phenomena among which I have listed it. The artifice was perfected many years ago, and has been maintained with care. For this reason "There Were Two Pirates" carries us back to the early 1920's, or even farther, for it might have been written in those happier days just as well as in this dark present. Indeed, it might have been written then far more easily. Those who think it a sin to turn their backs on what they call the real world should, and undoubtedly will, have nothing to do with this diverting story; but those who agree with Goethe that the world of make-believe is a salubrious refuge for the mind will be able to accept the enjoyment the tale is meant to give.

Here, then, is what purports to be the true tale of José Gasparilla, "who died, not as history puts it, in Charlotte Harbor in the December of 1821, but during the first week of July of 1828 in St. Augustine." Presenting the tale, Mr. Cabell assumes the role of a mere editor, whose task it has been to abbreviate the prolixity and remove the excrescences and eliminate the irrelevances of Gasparilla's own manuscript. The editor has been highly successful. The history flows smoothly, exciting a constant interest, and the darting lights of Cabellian irony are everywhere, on the surface and beneath it. The first portion of the narrative is simple enough, for it is a straight story of its hero's rise to fame and riches as a result of initiative, industry, and singleness of purpose.

Cast upon the world with no inheritance but that of a noble name, José Gasparilla entered the Spanish Naval Academy at the age of eighteen, became a lieutenant in due course, "took part in four years of rapine and butchery, in obedience to the usual demands of patriotism," and viewed with satisfaction the Treaty of Versailles, by which "the usurped province of Florida was yielded up by the thieving English and restored to Spain." Gasparilla saw opportunities in Florida, and, with a view of realizing them, he organized a mutiny that made him possessor of a sloop of war, and that entailed in its course the murder of his erstwhile commander: "yet, so complete was my affection for the indomitable old gentleman that I blew out his brains in a warm glow of admiration." These matters attended to, our hero took leave of his beloved Isabel de Castro with vows of eternal fidelity, and with the further assurance that he would return to her arms as soon as he had amassed the sum of 500,000 pesos through the practice of piracy.

Gasparilla worked hard, he prospered, and fame came to him as well as wealth; for he became generally known by the title he bestowed upon himself at the very outset of his career, that title being nothing less than "the King of Pirates." Operating from a base on the west coast of Florida, he saw to it that his efficiency kept pace with his reputation. As he puts it himself: "Inasmuch as I have but very rarely enjoyed killing my fellow creatures, it followed that as my reputation increased in magnificence, I took measures to abate a vast deal of economic wastefulness, through the introduction of more enlightened methods into the conduct of my profession." The pesos piled up, but, as it turned out, José did not return to Isabel. Instead, she came to him in the way of business, as one might say; and from that coming stems the second portion of the narrative, which is a little less simple than the first portion. Suffice it to say, here, that it involves a bit of the magic of which Mr. Cabell has always been fond, and a journey into the land without shadow, which is a land of which he has also been fond, for it is there that one returns to the contentment of boyhood and the felicity of first love. The journey is short, however, and it ends, as do some of the author's other histories, in an atmosphere of exemplary mediocrity and tranquil domesticity. Home is the pirate, home from the sea; Ulysses and Jurgen and José Gasparilla are all tamed at last.



—*From the book.*

It is well that a hero should be an engaging fellow, and Gasparilla is. When speaking of and for himself, he exhibits all the pride and employs all the magniloquence of the traditional hidalgo. However questionable his behavior, his motives and manners are always beyond cavil; and for the very worst actions he invariably has the very best reasons. He is guided always by honor, which in turn responds conveniently enough to the twin reins of desire and necessity. Severe as he is with others, he is no less severe with himself, for although he is a man of tender sentiments he never allows this weakness to interfere with business. And, true though he is to Isabel, he cannot be untrue to his chosen role in life:

> To the other side, there is no profession but has its traditionary time-hallowed code; and of a pirate captain in successful practice, as I noted with dismay, an inordinate rapacity for women was expected by even his most lenient critics. . . . Through the dictates of prudence, I was thus led to violate the better-looking of our female captives; and to maintain in my home on Gasparilla Island a succession of mistresses, whom after a short period of dalliance I married off to one or another of my followers. But at all times my heart remained faithful to Isabel.

This history is described by its author as "A Comedy of Division," and it is a just description. Indeed, Mr. Cabell's literary personality, his whole literary career, might very well be given the same label. Again and again, in his many books, he has illustrated and elaborated and descanted upon the tragicomic disparity which exists between man's aspirations and his accomplishments, between his yearning and his attaining, between his dreaming and his waking

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hours. His view of the human drama is that of a spectator in whom romanticism and cynicism have been steadily at war; or shall we say that it has been the view of one whose romanticism has been increasingly curbed and corrected by cynicism? In the earliest tales of chivalry and gallantry the romantic had it all his own way; but those early stories were revised to suit the cynic's book, and the prettiest bubbles blown by a young author were adroitly pricked by an author somewhat older. After that, there was no sweet without the bitter, no dream or fairy story that could be taken simply at face value. But the setting down of dreams and the writing of fairy stories still remained a necessity for the romantic, however the cynic might snipe at them and gloss them. The golden girls, like Isabel de Castro, might finally be transformed into practical housewives who looked upon their husbands, once their sighing lovers, as merely the least gifted of their children; but golden girls, or at least the illusion of them, remained a necessity, too, for one who realized that man lives by virtue of vital lies. Isabel may be only a shadow of her predecessors, but she is still, for her moment, golden. While as for vital lies, man never needed them as he does right now. But they must be bigger and better than ever, and they must be the right ones; for there are all sorts of vital lies in the market, and at bargain prices.

Finally, I should like to say that Mr. Cabell's new publishers have, in the main, done well by him in their book-making. The front-matter of "There Were Two Pirates" seems a little crowded and cluttered, but the setting of the body of the text is simple, clean, and well-proportioned, and the decorations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II are really decorative.

Not Nice People

PLEASE SEND ME, ABSOLUTELY FREE. By Arkady Leokum. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 337 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOBE MORRISON

IF THE public isn't familiar with the allied advertising and radio businesses it is not the fault of the novelists. Fiction on this general subject is approaching what Hollywood would call a cycle. First there was Frederic Wakeman's "The Hucksters" and Fielden Farrington's "The Big Noise." Now comes Arkady Leokum's ponderously-titled "Please Send Me, Absolutely Free." It is a first novel.

An advertising copy writer himself, Mr. Leokum has written about an intense young fellow who wants to Write (the word is capitalized in his mind), who finds undreamed-of success but also disillusionment and frustration as an advertising copy writer, and who finally achieves regeneration by quitting advertising. "Please Send Me, Absolutely Free" was manifestly intended to be a serious book. But it seems lacking in depth. Moreover, the experiences that obviously are significant to the author are not likely to seem so important or be as personally identifiable to the reader. Yet it is a readable book, particularly to anyone already interested in the subject, though it lacks the requisites for wide popularity.

The hero, Gene Winter, leaves college and the influence of a sympathetic literature professor when he is virtually kidnapped from his waiter's job at a summer resort hotel by a schoolteacher guest there. He goes to live with her in Greenwich Village to pursue his writing. He cannot get his stories published anywhere but in the little arty magazines and finally, when the girl throws him over for an obliging Mexican sculptor, he moves to a boarding house and tries to get a job. After months of making the rounds of publishing houses, newspapers, and advertising firms, he gets a job with a small agency at fifteen dollars a week.

From there on he rises rapidly, and with almost suspicious ease, to progressively important jobs with ever larger agencies. Meanwhile he has a succession of amatory adventures culminating in his not entirely willing marriage to a rather plain and idealistic girl. Under her prodding and the urging of his own ambition, he takes an extended leave of absence to write a novel, but it turns out badly and he goes back to take an even more lucrative position with the most successful and ruthless advertising firm in the country. The death of his wife in childbirth, the selfishness of his colleagues after Pearl Harbor, and his growing dissatisfaction with his life are already fusing into a major decision when his boss turns down a proposed series of his ads attacking fascism on the ground that "we'll want to do business with them again when this is over." His growing disgust boils over, he tells off the boss and, in the final paragraph, is sauntering through the hurrying crowds in midnight Manhattan, luxuriating in his new-found freedom.

"His hero fails to substantiate Arkady Leokum's thesis that advertising writing is essentially a prostitute's profession."

This makes absorbing and generally believable reading. But it suffers from several serious flaws. Primarily, the trouble is that Gene Winter is an unsympathetic hero. He is self-centered and seemingly lacks the instincts of friendliness. And although the author's thesis appears to be that advertising writing is essentially a prostitute's profession, his hero fails to substantiate it. Instead, he remains an opportunist who swims with the current and plays the advertising career game for what it's worth. This leaves the impression that Gene Winter, as well as advertising, may be at fault.

Moreover, some of the cynicism attributed to advertising appears to have rubbed off on Gene Winter. He not only doesn't have genuine respect for himself, even at the start of the book, but he also has a low opinion of nearly everyone else. With the exception of the wife, who remains a sweet though rather simple-minded person, the characters tend to be unattractive. Gene's final regeneration, when he repudiates advertising for good, seems contrived and implausible.

In general, "Please Send Me, Absolutely Free" is clearly and unpretentiously written, though without particular style. It has some reasonably effective passages and at least one glaring incongruity, when the hero returns to his boarding house several chapters after he is supposed to have moved elsewhere. The prime weakness of the book, however, is its basically negative quality. It is difficult for a reader to like a subject or a set of characters when the author obviously has contempt for them.

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Variations on a Current Theme

ASYLUM PIECE. By Anna Kavan. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

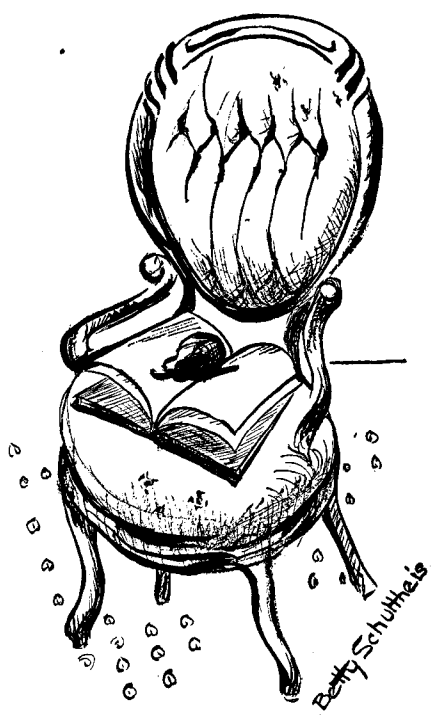
Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

THIS is a first book of fiction which has been awaited with impatience by certain American readers. It marks the American book debut of a young French-born, English-educated writer whose infrequent stories in *The New Yorker* and in *Harper's Bazaar* have provoked the sincere curiosity of readers interested in sensitive observation, good writing, and the psychiatric deeps. Little is known about Anna Kavan here: she makes her home in England; at twenty she wrote her first novel in Burma; she has visited America (or New York at least); she criticizes fiction for Britain's *avant guard* periodical *Horizon;* she has had three books published in England, and she has researched extensively in psychiatry and worked in a mental hospital. This last is most important, for almost all of Anna Kavan's fiction is concerned with mental collapse, with both the obscure and the overt manifestations of the neurotic personality of our time.

"Asylum Piece," as published in America, contains Miss Kavan's first book, her third, and two additional pieces of fictional prose. I hesitate to classify her pieces as stories, for she is less concerned with formal story structure—plot, characterization, time, place, personality—than she is with communicating the integral essence of mental upheaval. Psychasthenia is her theme: its ramifications are her variations. There are thirty-four pieces in this book. Some of them are sustained narratives in themselves, some are fragments—a page or two of interior observation carefully, almost clinically noted. Crackup invents the content and shape of her pieces, dictates the sparse case history lineaments of her prose. Since in crackups there is almost no geography—no concrete names, places, personalities—all these are almost completely lacking in "Asylum Piece." In their place is emotion: fear, hatred, passion, love springing fiercely or climbing as pallidly as a tendril never sun-exposed. Emotion is the cipher here, the clue to both victims and anonymous persecutors.

The atmosphere is reminiscent of Kafka. "I am a victim," says the victim. "Someone is my enemy. He is persecuting me. Why?" But Kafka is not concerned with the individual per se, his domain is everyone—people. To him we are all victims. Anna Kavan is concerned with the individual, the specific. That the individual is, perhaps, increasingly distraught, increasingly aware of his individual sicknesses at this time lends her a validity, a universality which is paradoxically inherent and exoteric. She removes the case from the watch and shows us the works ticking madly away inside.

Sometimes "Asylum Piece" seems to be an integrated record of a single mental collapse, sometimes this record itself collapses and stages, or states, of other collapses are recorded. The artistic problem here is basic: how successfully has Miss Kavan communicated mental disaster using her own peculiar technique of sitting, diligent pen in hand, within the sick head? This problem of communication is fundamental in any art. Without communication the art remains moribund, unseen, unheard, unread, uncreative—it does not contribute. Miss Kavan is almost inhumanely successful in communicating an interior impression of mental sickness. But her contribution is a fragile one, for although it is intellectual it is essentially subjective. And the subjective when quite divorced from action, when dedicated almost exclusively to emotions, ideas, and experiments in craftsmanship, communicates only to those prepared to decode the message.



Comparisons with Mary Jane Ward's "The Snake Pit" are here inevitable and obviously apposite. "Asylum Piece" and "The Snake Pit" are both concerned with the same subject matter: one is set in the victims' heads and one is set in an institution. Both are concerned with the individual, but Mary Jane Ward's book does hold an implicit indictment of society. Everyone is implicated in "The Snake Pit"—all of us. You are implicated in "Asylum Piece" only if "it" happens to you—"The Snake Pit" implies that "it" is happening to more of us all the time. The obvious universality of "The Snake Pit," the author's keen storytelling sense, and the shock value of the subject has made this book a best seller. "Asylum Piece" will probably never be a best seller. It tells no story or even stories: telling a story was not the author's problem. Mary Jane Ward is related to Dickens, Anna Kavan to Virginia Woolf. The two books are excellent examples of the variety which modern fictional forms engender. "The Snake Pit" is a traditional novel, a formal novel of action. It tells an exhausting but always exciting tale. "Asylum Piece" conveys moods, emotions, and mental situations.

But both are fiction, for the basic problem has been the translation from reality (or what is construed as reality) to a prose form—a fiction form, a feigning of life observed. The volume of a novel's sales does not determine its artistic worth. Each of these books is artistically worthy upon its own level. "The Snake Pit" is a smoothly constructed and written conventional novel about an unconventional subject which daily becomes more conventional; "Asylum Piece" is definitely experimental writing, but experimental writing of a very high order. There is no mystery in "The Snake Pit." Mrs. Ward did not intend any. Everything is there for the reader to see—past, present, future, and suspense. "Asylum Piece" is all mystery, and the reader has to read carefully and work very hard to see anything. Doubtless in choosing to present mystery (remember that Mrs. Ward experienced her crackup, Miss Kavan scientifically assists others in theirs), in choosing the interior method, the first person singular method rather than the more formal objective from-the-outside-looking-in approach, Anna Kavan has presented crackup with a more intellectually substantial artistic success. Each is, however, successful, for each seems to have accomplished what she set out to do.

What you get out of "Asylum Piece" depends on how hard you are willing to work. It's not Joyce, but it is intentionally difficult to read. Anna Kavan is definitely a most important new writer. Has she anything else to say?

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Invitation to Despair

CONCORD AND LIBERTY. By José Ortega y Gasset. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1946. 182 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JEROME FRANK

THE essential attitude of this brilliantly written collection of essays can be gathered from the most provocative, "Notes on Thinking." The faith that the intellect could solve all problems, says Ortega, had its rise in the seventeenth century and spread widely because of the success of the natural sciences. But subsequently this fervent belief received rude shocks when the scientists came upon insoluble problems concerning their own basic principles and the laity discovered that reason failed to cope with major moral and social problems. A "crisis of the intellect" arose. The faith in reason still survives, but now is in a state of suspense. "In short, from being the great solution the intellect has grown to be the great problem." All this provokes the question, What is thinking?

Ortega replies that thinking must not be confused with the psychological mechanisms that function when a man thinks. Nor with logic which, when put to the test, proves "to be pervaded by illogical elements."

Most important of all, it is a grave mistake to subsume all thinking under "cognition," which is a label for a human effort "to ascertain what things are," the "attempt to solve the riddle of life by making intellectual mechanisms function in a formal way under the ultimate direction of concepts." Cognition is not "natural"; it has a history, bears a known date; it arose in Greece. Cognition involves two "pre-rational" presuppositions: that behind the confusion of the world there lies "a fixed and stable figure," eternal and immutable, called "Being," which gives a clue to the seeming flux and chaos; and that this "Being" —physis or Nature—"is of a consistency akin to the natural human gift called intellect."

While we have inherited from Greece the idea of cognition, we have, says Ortega, other inheritances. "Persians, Assyrians, Hebrews were no 'cognizers.'" They believed reality to be identical with God. "But God . . . has no stable and fixed consistency; he is pure will, absolute, unlimited, and arbitrary." A man "who so believes can obviously not believe that things possess being." He has faith in the "secret divine voice," which does not speak "the logos of truth: A *is* B," but utters the "amen of faith: so *shall* it be. . . . His world is in a constant state of creation; it is what God, at each moment, wills it to be."

José Ortega y Gasset: ". . . man cannot help striving for certainty."

No less than the Greeks, such a God-worshipping man engages in thinking. For thinking, so Ortega tells us, is the response to the human desire "to know what to make of it all." When a man's beliefs fail him, he must "do something." "Whatever he then resorts to is thinking. There is no escape; man cannot help striving for certainty. . . . The only thing he never lacks is the *need* of thinking; for he is always in doubt of some sort." The means of satisfying this need are devices man invents. He experiments with them, "in the end, always coming up against their limits." Cognition is but one of those invented thinking devices. For the believer in God, "praying" is the "technique of thinking." Still other techniques remain to be invented.

Our Western civilization, Ortega continues, never succeeded in fully accepting the Greek cognitive device of thinking. From the days of Greece there has been a "progressive deterioration of the idea (and the occupation) of cognizing. In this way the present grave crisis of reason loses, of itself, the aspect of a sudden, unprecedented cataclysm." The intellect is not "dead and buried." Our "intellectuals" should undertake the task of "rediscovering reason — a reason cured of its vagaries." But, to that end, they "should withdraw from the social heights and concentrate upon their own concerns, divesting their works of all political or humanitarian 'pathos' . . . and renounce being taken seriously by the multitude." Thus, presumably, they will invent new ways of thinking, *i.e.*, "of escaping from doubt into certainty."

We can easily perceive Ortega's central personal problem. He has a relentless thirst for certainty, for freedom from doubt. Aware that this thirst can never be sated, nevertheless he must strive to quench it. In this pursuit, he employs a philosophy of history, highly sophisticated in its terminology, the aim of which he thus summarizes in another of these essays: "By the detour of history," man "will become aware of his own bounds, and that is the one and only way open to man to transcend them." Basic are these notions: "History is perfect continuity. . . . There is no spontaneous generation. History, even more than physics, is the science of causation and like physics, it investigates nothing if not causal relations."

Accordingly, Ortega's political philosophy is defeatist. He resigns himself to what he believes to be the irresistible advent in our era of a kind of society (totalitarian, he implies) which men do not prefer but to which they submit because no alternatives present themselves. He contents himself with visions of a far distant, more tolerable future which "history," on its own motion, will evolve. He advises that, in the interval, he and his fellow-intellectuals should "live at the fringe of the busy world unharassed by the necessity of producing premature solutions."

To follow this advice would mean —what? That all first-rate intellects would withdraw from all social responsibility. At the fringe of the busy world, Ortega's sort of self-centered intellectuals would turn their gaze away from famine, poverty, political and economic enslavement. They would, for instance, not deign to consider the hot problem of atomic energy; by such ivory-towerism they might indeed attain complete certainty for themselves and the rest of the world—the certainty of obliteration.

The Cowl

By Christine Turner Curtis

BORN she was for loss
with a cowl of glass,
destined never to press
after life's mocking siren;
destined never to pass
into the careless warren,
but to remain barren.

Scents of meadow sod,
bluet sown and starred,
cloud shadow poured
on ebony pond water
slip through her guard;
alluringly filter
her they cannot alter.

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A Rose for Remembrance

HARRISON SMITH

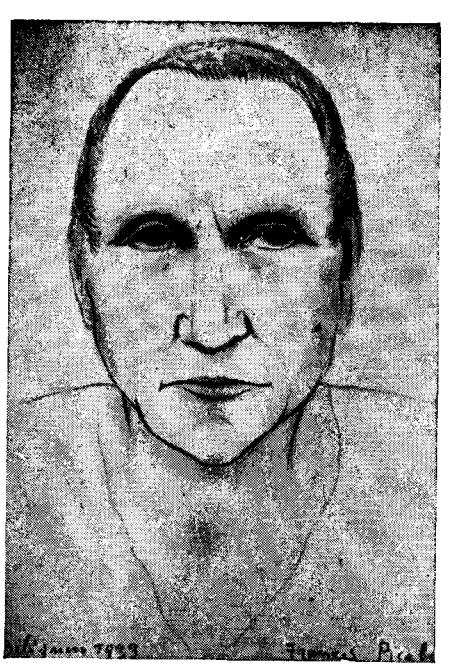
GERTRUDE STEIN'S recent death at the American Hospital at Neuilly has removed a monumental and enigmatic figure from the American literary scene. That strong, almost masculine face, with its close-cropped, wiry gray hair was magnificently sculptural and timeless; she looked, as someone said, "like the bust of a Roman Emperor and at the same time like a Buddhist monk." There was an earthy, peasant quality about her and at the same time a spiritual force that was somewhat bewildering to those who expected to find in her the essence of mockery. Even before the war sent home nearly all of our expatriate writers and brought to an end the summer visits of others to her celebrated flat in the rue de Fleurus, she had left her influence on our literature. For years her books had been greeted with jeers or with abstruse critical praise that left the reader almost as bewildered as did her own repetitive sentences.

Gertrude Stein had lived in France for forty-three years, with the exception of her memorable visit to this country twelve years ago when her opera "Four Saints in Three Acts was presented with Virgil Thomson's music and when, for some reason, that charming line of poetic nonsense "Pigeons in the grass, alas, alas" captured a public that still recalls it, as it still does "Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." Perhaps people will recall her for her poetry and not her prose, for in the first she has repeated nouns of which she liked the sound and loved the object, and in the latter she has tried to dispense with the noun as much as possible and place the emphasis on the verb. The business of art, she believed, was to live in the complete and absolute present, and she compared her work to the motion pictures in which one image flows into the next without a break in its continuity, whereas ordinary writing progressed, she said, by a series of sentences, filled with unnecessary words and separated in brackets by stupid punctuation. Why put a question mark after a question, she asked, and why interfere with motion by using semicolons and commas? "A comma by helping you along holding your coat and putting on your shoes keeps you from living your life as actively as you should live it. . . ."

These simplifications of her reasons for writing sometimes as if she were a child of eight irritatingly bewitched with the sound of words may have been invented as an afterthought, but they often made more sense than did the critics who further bewildered her readers by stating that "the capacity to appreciate her performances is indivisible from that general feeling of spirit making the American experiment a success," or that Gertrude Stein represents "that final division between experience and life that was revealed earlier by Melville, Poe, Hawthorne, and Henry James." The ordinary man, after reading one of these portentous proclamations, used to scratch his head in bewilderment and read again this line, perhaps, "What is a fact. A fact is alone and display their zeal," or these verses:

> Needs be needs be needs be near
> Needs be needs be needs be
> This is where they have their land astray.
> Two say.

But at least Gertrude Stein forced writers to think about words, the value and weight of them and the sound of them. Her theories as she revealed them had certainly a profound effect on Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, and the scores of young writers who visited her in Paris in the thirties to whom she showed the utmost kindness and patience, unless she suddenly became piqued by one of them and exiled him temporarily to the outer darkness beyond her circle. She helped to obliterate from our literature the prolixity of the Victorian writers, the logorrhea that spilled out millions of unnecessary words. The clipped sentence, the strong, short phrase came into fashion, so that the best of our novelists did not write, "Her eyes drooped, her cheeks were mantled with a blush as she said, 'I love you,' with a glance of ineffable tenderness"; they now wrote it tersely, in this way, "She said, 'I love you.'" Miss Stein is also responsible in some measure for the refusal of so many of the younger generation to read Walter Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray, or the translations of Hugo and Balzac or many another great writer who had not had the good fortune to live long enough to read "Tender Buttons," "Portraits and Prayers," or "The Making of Americans."



—*Francis Picabia.*

Gertrude Stein, "monumental and enigmatic figure [of] the American literary scene."

But in her lectures, which she enjoyed delivering in a strong voice, Gertrude Stein was not in the least confusing, as you will see if you turn to "Composition as Explanation," which contains her lectures in Cambridge and Oxford given twenty years ago, or "Narration," four University of California lectures delivered during her visit to America in 1934. Her early fiction, "Three Lives" for example, stories of two servant girls and a miserable Negress, is reasonably coherent. Her two autobiographies, one of them handed over, in a curious way, to her life-long companion and secretary as "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" and the other attributed to everybody, for its title is "Everybody's Autobiography," are comprehensible enough to anybody's mentality. Her latest book, published just before she died, contains the essence of the conversations she had with American soldiers in her apartment during the last year; they reveal perfectly the common American idiom, the bewilderment and restlessness of our youth today.

It is not unlikely that if she had lived and had continued to write for another few years she would have disciplined her theories to meet the necessities of a continued terse and lucid prose form, without wandering off into the maze of repeated words and the whimsy of sentences without punctuation. Gertrude Stein had still a great many ideas to give to America, and not only to our writers, for she had endured stoically and with hardly controlled passion the years when the German military trampled over the fields and the fair cities of France. Though she had been ill for some time, it was fitting that she should have lived long enough to see France free and Paris unspoiled, and more beautiful, they say, than she had ever been before.

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Fifty Years of Poetry

A LITTLE TREASURY OF MODERN POETRY, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN. Edited with an Introduction by Oscar Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 672 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

OSCAR WILLIAMS may at one time or another have come across the Graves-Riding "Pamphlet Against Anthologies"; if so, he has certainly not allowed it to swerve him from his chosen path, for "A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry" is his sixth anthology, though the first of such scope.

According to the dust-wrapper of this handsome and handy little volume—typographically impeccable, and adorned with 64 portraits of poets—this is a "collection of the best poems written during the past fifty years." Fifty years, or 1896-1946, is a neat time-span; and if the editor chose to depart therefrom by including Emily Dickinson, Francis Thompson, and Gerard Manley Hopkins in his bag, who is there to deny him this poetic license?

In a 24-page introduction, Mr. Williams is nothing if not disarming toward those critics who must inevitably rise to question his judgment. Disagreeing, apparently, with the blurbwriter, he says: "This 'Little Treasury' is not a means of expressing my opinion upon the comparative statures of the poets of the twentieth century." Nevertheless, "my judgments are always arrived at through the medium of my own taste, *i.e.*, what I am activated into liking." And how is this anthologist "activated into liking" a poem? The word "activated" suggests a scientific objectivity; but the editor is frank enough to disclaim that implication: "If a poem gave me that experience which I have learned comes as a reaction to reading a true poem, I included it. . . . In other words, I *felt* the poem."

Fortunately for the reader, Mr. Williams has been able to "feel" a great many good poems, including most, if not all, of the "best" poems of our time. "A Little Treasury" begins with Hopkins and ends with Auden ("In our beginning is our end"). In between (not in chronological order, but arranged rather arbitrarily by theme or mood) are nearly 450 poems, the work of 139 known poets and nine anonymous. Among the poets most generously represented, one notes with familiar pleasure the acknowledged "great names" of our time: besides Hopkins and Auden, there are Frost, Cummings, Yeats, Eliot, Housman, and D. H. Lawrence, as well as the more recent and therefore more controversial Barker, Thomas, MacNeice, Schwartz, and the editor himself.

I regret that Mr. Williams has been unable to respond—and thus extend his response to the larger public—to many good poets whose names any serious reader of poetry can easily supply. Enough distinguished talents, indeed (though not so many as were

lacking to the Yeats selection in "Oxford Book of Modern Verse"), are among the missing to cast a cloud upon the inclusiveness of this volume. As between emotion and what George Herbert called "busie enquiring braine," Mr. Williams evidently leans to the latter. This explains, no doubt, why he "feels" William Empson but apparently not Alfred Kreymborg, Delmore Schwartz but not Lloyd Frankenberg.

Withal, this editor's taste is less crotchety than Yeats's, more stimulating than Untermeyer's. The general effect is impressive, and bears out the editor's claim for the past half-century—"so abundant, not only in the number of its good poets and good poems, but also in its variety of poetic techniques and subject-matters, that it rivals any preceding century." Elsewhere in his introduction, Mr. Williams presents a brief history of modern poetry, through thumbnail sketches. Terribly simplified as this is, here is as good an outline as any of the course of poetic events to date. I am inclined to part company with Mr. Williams as historian only when he discerns "a mounting graph of intensity" in twentieth-century poetry. Was not Herbert Read more correct in remarking, a few years ago, on a decline in intensity in recent writing?

Nor can I agree, except sentimentally, with Oscar Williams when, in the peroration to his introduction, he embraces the noble idea that poetry can change the world. Wallace Stevens defines the function of the modern poet as "not to lead people out of the confusion in which they find themselves" but "to make his imagination theirs"; and, again, "It is the violence from within that will save us from the violence from without." The world will probably continue awry, as it has ever, in greater or lesser degree; but the best poets have always been able to create *in their poetry*, as on another planet, a harmony out of the discordant elements of our world. Thus, though poetry may not be able to "outweigh the atomic bomb," it may help us to face it. Perhaps this is Mr. Williams's idea, too, for in a wry aside he observes: "Thanks to the atomic bomb today's poets may end the tradition, so they had better be read now"—truly, an odd bit of sales talk!

The Weavers

By Evelyn Ames

I WONDER what it is that women are after,
With all their words, their bodies, their very lives?
Behind the devious chatter and the laughter,
The perfumed hair, the gossiping of wives,
Is a tenuous human fabric they try to make,—
And moments when each word and act they give
Seems not to matter for the giver's sake
But only as it adds to what they weave.
I have watched workers at a giant loom,
Each one intent on her own special strand,
Weaving a tapestry that filled the room;
No one of them could see the fruitful land,
The great processions which from their fingers came,
Yet slowly and wonderfully the picture grew.
Perhaps in this all women are the same:
Weaving by instinct what they feel is true.

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A Poet's First Novel

THE FIRE OF THE LORD. By Norman Nicholson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LIBBY BENEDICT

In that holy mountain like the sun the Word
Shall shine on rock and beast and tree,
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord
As the waters cover the sea.

IN these, among the most lyrical lines of poetry by the English writer Norman Nicholson, may perhaps be found the meaning of his first novel, "The Fire of the Lord." Its expressed meaning has to do with the fires set by old Benjamin Fell, in burnt offerings to the Lord, but—whether he intended it or not—Nicholson has portrayed a greater divine fire in giving all his characters moral grandeur. Benjamin himself; Maggie, the wife who had assumed he was dead because of his long absence; young Jim Birker, whom she had married; Elsie, the half-deaf girl who works in Maggie's bakeshop in their small English town—these are all small people by mundane measurements. In the hands of too many writers, even consciously pro-pro-proletarian ones, they would have been made also petty people whose earthiness was constantly being washed over by the pity and the condescension of their creators. Nicholson gives them inherently great stature; they behave blindly and ignorantly, but with dignity. Even Maggie's blowsiness is not tawdry, nor is Elsie's offering of herself in love to Jim—a love she has fought against and accepted over her piety. Jim's mute decency in holding on to the secret about the return of Maggie's husband, and his refusal to let the automatic dissolution of his marriage free him of responsibility toward Maggie, whom he does not love, are in a sense better examples of Nicholson's religious motive than his more deliberately drawn Benjy. What symbolism, if any, Nicholson wants to give Benjy's constant fire-setting is not clear. It is the old that Benjy seems to want to destroy, so that the earth might renew itself. His own end is unpremeditated, but a fulfilment of his preachings, for with his death Maggie goes off to new conquests and Jim and Elsie are left to their new love.

Nicholson has been searching for the spirit of worship in man since he started writing. A collection of literary studies, "Man and Literature," is a not very successful effort to analyze a number of writers according to their attitude toward sin and morality. In "Five Rivers," his volume of verse, he seems to acquire greater lucidity and lyricism as he grows older. "The Fire of the Lord" is further along on this road. He accomplishes much by implication—a dependable test of artistry. Maggie's mounting peevishness as she tries to keep the secret of her husband's return is nowhere drawn into open discussion of cause and effect, but the link is there for the reader. Nor is the righteousness of Jim and Elsie ever converted into self-righteousness. These inarticulate creatures are not aware of the divine spark in them. But Nicholson is aware of it, and thus claims attention for himself and his book.

One suspects that the author has not yet reached his full strength, and that even the book itself has not scrambled all the way up the hill to its own effulgence. In the dignity of its conception, however, it belongs with books of quality and accomplishment. Groping about in their cold, blacked-out village, selling pasties in the bake-shop, taking the utmost of pleasure in a trip to the movies, the characters are lords and ladies, not by royal, but by higher, decree. That the author manages this best when he does not seem to be trying, and fumbles it a little, perhaps, when he is trying—as in the character of Benjy—is no negation of the quality of his creative gift.

The prose he writes may be referred to by just that name, which is praise enough. There are only two points to raise. One is the dating of the episodes, tying each to a day of specific religious significance. The story does not need such props; on the contrary, they tend to give it artificiality.

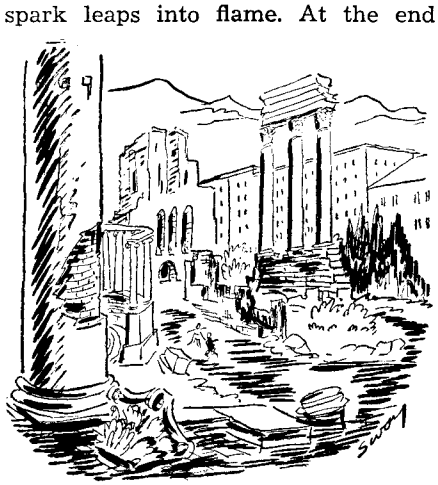
Second, from his poetry Nicholson seems to have carried over a weakness for similes. Sometimes there are several similes to a page, most of them unnecessary. Too many similes are less deadly than too many adjectives, but when prose is as good as the prose in this book, the similes may also be pruned.

A Drama of Ideas

AND HE HID HIMSELF. A Play in Four Acts. By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Darina Tranquilli. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 126 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE characters and a part of the scene and action of Ignazio Silone's widely read novel "Bread and Wine" form the substance of this drama of a revolutionary who seeks the support of his hesitant and groping compatriots. When Pietro Spina returns from exile to his Italian village he finds a people deadened by ignorance and apathy. But in a few of them he finds also a smoldering hope of freedom, and after some experience of danger and suffering the spark leaps into flame. At the end



of the many brief sequences—there are some thirty scenes in the play—the villagers are enlisted in the cause of revolution.

"And He Hid Himself" is, then, a drama of today, but, as its title suggests, it is also a drama of primitive Christianity. In it there is an air of Christian legend, provided by the setting in stables and inns, by the presence of donkeys and peasants, by the selfless figure of Pietro Spina and the wandering Brother Gioacchino who believes that the Lord is still in agony and hiding on the earth.

So the drama achieves timelessness, and its characters become men who "come from far and are going far." The author finds a Christian principle in the revolutionary who feels the brotherhood of men and he sees a Christian heritage in the social upheavals of our time. Though Pietro Spina has gone out of the temple he carries within himself the truth of Christ. But the world is still ruthless and the spirit of man is still forced to save itself in hiding. There is a basis of mystical belief in this deeply serious play—the revolution which springs from political and economic forces is finally carried out in the human spirit.

Primarily, this is a drama of ideas. There are tense actions, like the final appearance of the renegade Luigi Murica, who in his death was loyal

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to the cause he had betrayed. There are poignant episodes, like the devotion of the homeless Capuchin Brother to the grief-stricken Annina. But it is ideas that make up the real force of the drama. The central idea is how man, by painful degrees, becomes aware of his brotherhood with all men and so achieves humanity. And here, as in the novel which inspired the play, it is explained that nine months are required to yield bread from a sowing of wheat or wine from a grafting of grapes—the same time that it takes to generate a man. So the ancient symbol of communion becomes a symbol of human conception and birth.

Saved by Seduction

PRESENTLY TOMORROW. By Joyce Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 309 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

MISS MARSHALL is a young Canadian writer, and this is her first novel. It is the story of five people at grips with the problem of growing up. Four of these are adolescent girls, members of the senior class at St. Ursula's, a cloistered school in the province of Quebec; the fifth is an Anglican priest who, though he is in his late twenties, is also emotionally an adolescent. The girls are: Ann, introspective, sensitive, poetic; Phillipa, remote, lovely, with an aura of purity about her which makes Ann idealize her; Tammy, a pathetic, unattractive girl who is excessively pious and dismal, and Carol, "the fun-loving Rover," a gay, red-haired, amazingly profane young lady whose cynicism and pseudo-sophistication are extremely trying to everybody. These four have been friends at St. Ursula's since they were small girls. Now, in the last few days before school closes, they are all oppressed, each in her separate way, by the end of the familiar era of school life, the end of a part of youth, and by the disturbing imminence of what the Sisters of St. Ursula's refer to as "the World." The time is 1930, and the world into which the four girls will go is in the grip of economic depression and social upheaval. Ann in particular is troubled by what she dimly realizes of her family's financial situation; Carol is more nonchalant. "Oh, phooey," she remarks, "oh six times triple phooey. My pop has a pension from the army or some such thing. And yours is in stocks, isn't he? Why should we worry?"

Craig Everett, the young priest, is doing some extensive worrying on his own part. He is to conduct a retreat at St. Ursula's, a task for which he feels himself peculiarly unfitted, as he looks with understandable distaste at the prospect of shepherding the group of neurotic women who come for a season of rather theatrical religious escapism to the quiet of the girls' school during the summer when the students have left. Craig is also the victim of a violent mother complex, an emotional domination which has not ceased with his mother's death, and this problem, together with his struggling conviction that he wants to be a liberal social worker instead of a priest, combine to make him a thoroughly confused and unhappy young man.

The week-end at St. Ursula's, before the four girls leave for their respective homes, is a maelstrom of emotion and self-revelation. With an original, if somewhat unconvincing, twist to the plot, Miss Marshall allows the priest's seduction by one of the girls to liberate him from his confusion and uncertainty and set him on the path of his true vocation, social work.

Miss Marshall is a sensitive and talented young writer, and there is much that is valid and perceptive in her picture of troubled youth. But there is much, as well, that seems overdone and too intense—precocious rather than mature. And it is rather hard to believe that one of the girls could have concealed her dual nature so successfully. After she has initiated Craig into the mysteries of physical passion, "It was nice," she said gently, "wasn't it . . . especially when you've been a long time without." This scene, if I may employ a borrowed pun, could be described as *seductio ad absurdum.*

Button, Button--

MAINE CHARM STRING. By Elinor Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 231 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

THIS is another book about the life and country and people near Flying Point, Maine, by the author of "Our Way Down East." Mrs. Graham's point of departure is an interest in the collecting of old buttons, and the name of the book derives from the old charm strings, or strings of buttons, which it was the vogue to collect a hundred years ago. But the book is by no means a button collector's manual. While buttons are discussed to a certain extent, the charms on the string of this story are the anecdotes of people and places Mrs. Graham has come to know in pursuit of her hobby. They make very good telling and they make very good reading.

The author retains the sense of humor that made her first book so delightful. She can still make fun of herself in a manner that tickles the ribs of the reader. She still writes with enthusiasm and simplicity. But she has gained, as we all should gain with added years, in insight and sympathy; and she has gained in skill with words.

A great many of the passages of this book, particularly when she is describing a character or a view that she loves, are of singular beauty. She is a realist. She admits openly that Maine is no Utopia. She is aware that much in Maine is ugly and sordid, as it is in any place you might care to mention.

But there is much that is beautiful, and she would rather write about the good beautiful things. She is as much a collector of lovely phases of human nature as she was of lovely buttons. Her discrimination results in a charming book.

I use the past tense in connection with her button collecting advisedly. Mrs. Graham gave up button collecting when she decided that unpleasant things were happening to her character because of it. When she found herself depriving her husband of the companionship that had been so satisfying to both of them in favor of sorting buttons, or taking advantage of friendship to put over a sharp bit of trading, she concluded that her soul was in danger and she didn't care to sell it for a mess of buttons. But after all, as the book makes clear on every page, she'd already got the best that button collecting had to offer in the experiences and friendships it had brought to her.

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Lively Summer

GRANDFATHER OBJECTS. By Walter Beebe Wilder. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 317 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

NO matter what kind of a summer you are having you will enjoy the one Walter Beebe Wilder tells about in Grandfather Objects." It came along in the early 1920's just after prohibition, and while it was going on Mr. Wilder observed his eleventh birthday. That, however, was one of the minor incidents of the season. Things happened that summer on the Wilder farm which had more than a tinge of the miraculous; there was an odor of sulphur and brimstone about some of them.

The Wilder farm was located at Suffern, New York, and was the patient victim of what was described as the Master Plan. Mr. Wilder's father, an architect, and his grandfather, a practical business man with a good head for manure, were in a constant state of disagreement about present and future details of the Plan. What was already done was either well or ill done, and was accepted as such by the adversaries. During the summer in question it was part of the Plan that the architect, accompanied by his wife, was to go abroad to obtain ideas while the business man was to remain at the farm to execute them. The children—Sonny and Sis—were left at the farm in charge of their grandfather. Grandfather had broken his leg and was getting around on crutches; Mrs. Cragg, the housekeeper, had what she called miasma; prohibition made it necessary for Grandfather to put labels on his applejack stating that it was five years old; but despite these handicaps peace and harmony reigned at the farm and it looked like a wonderful summer. Even Jakie, the hired man, who wasn't really hired but worked anyway for his keep, was happy.

Then things began to happen. Later Sonny quoted his grandfather as saying that a lot of loose women were turned on them. What his grandfather actually said was that a lot of women were turned loose on them. First it was Cousin Jenny from Baltimore, who could switch from Northern to Southern accent at the drop of an eyelash. Then it was Miss Boveen, an artist, who came to paint the garden in all its moods. Finally Grandma Wilder arrived from Kansas City to "take charge." Shortly afterward Nellie wandered in from the mountains, orphaned by the fact that her father had blown himself up while trying to dynamite fish. Meanwhile Jakie, put into white overalls by Grandma, began to run a gigantic still in the Old Dead House, an abandoned hulk in which he was allowed to live.

The weather turned dry, Grandfather learned to write with both hands so he could turn out both fiction and non-fiction for the *Police Gazette*, and Sonny laid a trap in the privy for moths which he was collecting. His first catch was Grandma.

By August things were headed definitely in the wrong direction. Cousin Jenny became estranged from her husband, Cousin Hermann, a physician who had invented a stomach pump which he carried around with him and used on his family, relatives, and dinner guests. Jakie had fallen in love with Nellie and Grandma was in charge of the wedding, which she turned into a small circus. While the ceremony was being performed the still in the Old Dead House blew up and two government agents who had been hanging around went over to look for evidence. When Grandfather got through with them they were apologizing for their suspicions and sipping from his five-year-old applejack.

—*Gertrude Howe.*

"No matter what kind of a summer you are having you will enjoy the one Walter Beebe Wilder tells about."

Somehow Mr. Wilder makes it sound as if it all really happened. It is the neatest literary trick of dog days. Don't read it in a hammock; pick a place where you can roll around safely in your laughter.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME FAMOUS SISTERS

This week's quiz concerns some of fiction's famous sisters. Do you remember the stories in which they appeared and the authors who created them? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer (and a bonus of 5 if you can name all the sisters in each story) a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 26.

1. These five unmarried daughters of an underpaid rector played cards to determine which of them should marry their father's new assistant.
2. After ten years of separation a New Zealand pioneer wrote a lengthy letter proposing that the girl he loved come out and marry him—and absentmindedly addressed it to her sister, who accepted.
3. These sweet old ladies took friendless and lonely old men into their Brooklyn home, poisoned them, and interred the bodies in the basement with appropriate burial services.
4. Romance came on the same night to both of these quarrelsome, frustrated sisters, who lived in a run-down district of London with their half-paralyzed father.
5. Daughters of a linen-draper, they were seperated when one eloped to Paris with a traveling salesman, but were reunited more than twenty years later.
6. One of the ten daughters of a poor curate, she married an impecunious young barrister and took most of her sisters to live with them in their three-room suite.
7. When a wealthy young bachelor moved into their neighborhood it was naturally of great interest to these five marriageable sisters and their mother.
8. These four sisters celebrated Christmas by presenting for their friends "The Witch's Curse," a melodramatic tragedy which one of them had written.
9. Because this girl refused to express her love for her father in extravagant flattery, he disowned her and divided his estate between her two older sisters.
10. While this girl was being proposed to by a pirate, her many, many sisters sympathetically shut their eyes and talked about the weather.

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THE STANDARDIZATION OF CATASTROPHE

IT was five minutes after the atomic bomb exploded in the air over the target array in the Bikini lagoon. The rising peach-colored, mushroom-capped column of smoke was becoming increasingly obscured by a slow-moving, fat cloud formation. Then it disappeared altogether. At that precise moment of frustration, news was radioed from one of the observer planes that all the capital ships were still afloat.

The reporter next to me on the top deck of the press ship U.S.S. *Appalachian* was mumbling to himself.

"Did you say something?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just thinking that the next war's not going to be so bad after all."

I couldn't decide whether he was disappointed or relieved, or both.

And in those early minutes after the explosion, when newspaper stories had to be written and cabled, when the radio announcements had to be made, most of the correspondents relayed their first impressions which became the headline news from Bikini. The general tenor was that the bomb had been "oversold"—that it was "merely" another weapon.

Honest as these first impressions may have been, they were reported to the world without any real knowledge of what had actually happened or what was happening in the lagoon. The reports from the air were spotty and unreliable because of the distance of the planes from the contaminated air area above the target array. The real news was not available until almost twenty-four hours later; but by that time it was already too late. The first impressions were congealed in the large type.

Later and more accurate and important reports were treated as ordinary second- or third-day follow-up stories; in short, the story was "cold" after the first big splash.

It was no surprise, therefore, to return home from Bikini after the first test and learn that many Americans reacted much the same as did many of the *Appalachian* correspondents in the first few hours after the explosion. There is, however, this significant difference: The reporters changed their minds once they had a first-hand opportunity to observe the damage and become acquainted with some highly significant facts in connection with the explosion—facts not available immediately after the bombing and which they had to dig out for themselves. These facts were duly reported to the American press back home but were relegated for the most part to the inside pages, where they lacked the striking power to overcome the initial impressions. The *Nevada* was afloat and some goats lived; what else mattered?

The first fact that is central to any evaluation of the first test is that the bomb turned out to be less than fifty per cent of its "normal" strength. It was a Nagasaki- or plutonium-type bomb; but there is apparently no way of pre-determining the power coefficient. Much depends upon the purity of the fissionable materials used. According to the Navy itself, there was a possible range of efficiency from almost negligible to 100 per cent; and there was no certain method of insuring the latter. A fairly reliable post-explosion index to the power of the bomb, however, according to one of the scientists assigned to "Operation Crossroads," was the height of the mushroom formation. At Nagasaki, the mushroom climbed to 60,000 feet. At Bikini, the comparable height was 24,000 feet. As for the difference between a land and sea explosion, it seems that the sea explosion, if anything, should produce a higher mushroom because of the tremendous condensation of vapor.

The second fact is that the Nagasaki-type bomb is by no means the most powerful bomb that can be produced. A Los Alamos scientist on the expedition confirmed the report that it was possible to manufacture atomic bombs vastly more destructive. While he refused to comment on the statement by Dr. L. M. Oliphant, Britain's leading atomic scientist, to the effect that bombs could be one hundred or even five hundred times more powerful than the one used at Nagasaki, he contented himself with the term "many times more powerful."

The third key fact, by now generally known, is that the bomb badly missed its assigned target, the brightly painted battleship *Nevada*, exploding over open water almost a half mile away. Even so, despite the poor marksmanship, and the relative inferiority of the bomb, it sank six warships, smashed several others into almost unrecognizable piles of floating debris, and put some twenty other ships—including the *Nevada*—out of commission.

The fourth fact is that radioactivity is not only less predictable than had been hoped, but constitutes under some circumstances perhaps even greater danger than the bomb's heat and blast. Though the early headlines made much of the fact that many of the goats were alive, little or no prominence was given to subsequent reports of examinations indicating prevalence of what Japanese doctors at Hiroshima and Nagasaki had called "atomic bomb disease." Radioactive burns can produce cancer or diseases related to cancer; only continuing study can determine just how many of the surviving animals can in truth be called "survivors."

AFTER the first day or so, the correspondents were not unmindful of the consequences of their disillusioning, letdown-producing first stories. Nor were they unaware of the lack of prominence their first-hand reports of the actual damage were being given—knowing as they did that any story tends to become stale after twenty-four hours. As a result, they were much better prepared for the

Prayer for the Age

By Myron H. Broomell

GOD, who devisedst man who then devised
The axe, the arrow, and the armored tank,
Until his hand, which once was moderate-sized,
Increased in reach beyond his moral rank—

God, who hast smiled on razor-blades and rayon
Succeeding Neolithic flints and skins,
Give man a modern basis now to pray on—
Forgive him for his Neolithic sins.

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second test. Very few of them were inclined to pre-judge the damage or to disparage the power of the bomb; when the news broke immediately after the sub-surface explosion, it was carefully and cautiously handled. In this way, the story was kept "open" until the accounts of the actual damage were available.

But just as there was a background against which the improved reporting of the second test was set, so there is a background against which the spotty and inadequate first accounts must be considered. For almost three weeks aboard ship, the tension had been slowly mounting. There were daily press briefings and lectures. As previously reported in these pages, two lectures were given over to a consideration of the danger of an earthquake or tidal wave resulting from the explosion. And even though the reassurances were convincing enough, the mere fact that the subject was discussed fitted into the general atmosphere of uncertainty and even fear.

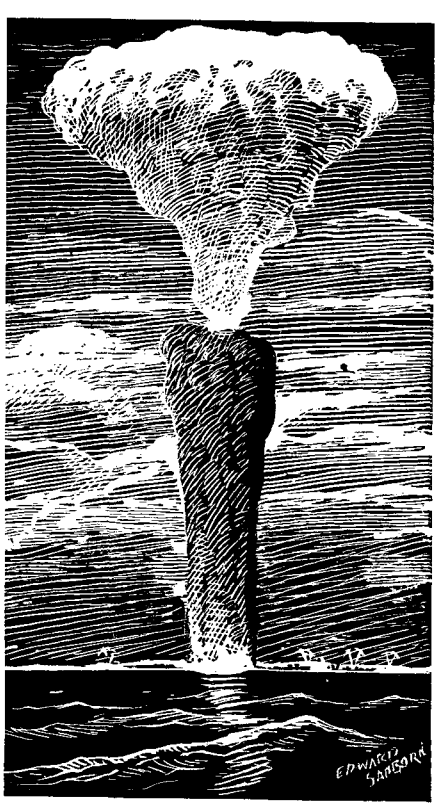
IT was not a conscious fear, although the chaplain aboard ship later told me that a number of hard-boiled reporters who had never attended services before were somewhat concerned about their spiritual condition the morning of the test. The fear felt by most was deeply subjective. Rational man invokes the intellect to outlaw or at least to dominate the surface sense of fear; but the primitive or fundamental insecurity in man is not always within the reach of reason, though it is highly sensitive and responsive to external stimuli. The fact that we may not be aware of the process does not mean that it does not exist.

I suppose that any observer or reporter on the trip, if asked bluntly whether he was afraid, would honestly have replied that he knew nothing to be afraid of. And yet within all of us were the makings of a first-class anxiety neurosis. Each little word of speculation or uncertainty registered itself without our thinking about it, stimulating and nourishing the basic fear mechanism.

Consider, for example, so ostensibly simple a matter as the question of goggles with which to view the explosion. Very emphatically, Navy officials warned us against attempting to view the burst with the naked eye. We were told we would be blinded—not permanently, but long enough not to see the real spectacle after the flash; blinded perhaps for hours. It was announced that expensive and specially constructed goggles would be issued. And even with goggles, we were told, it might be advisable not to look at the explosion directly but slightly off to one side.

You might say there was nothing in this goggles episode which could reasonably be expected to fit into the developing sub-surface tensions; yet it had its place and was to become, as we shall see later, almost a symbol of the test itself, with all its mixed emotional content. It was interesting but not surprising to see the way some of the men twirled their goggles at the last press briefing, asking questions that had been discussed and answered many times before, questions about the effect of radioactivity on the water; about the lethal "drop-out" or "rain" of radioactive particles from cloud formations; about the maximum speed of the *Appalachian* and how fast it could get away from something if it really had to; about radioactive-detecting Geiger counters and whether we would have one on board. It developed later that a few perhaps overconscientious souls, quite disturbed by the uncertainty of it all, wrote their complete stories about the bombing the day before it took place.

All this was part of the conditioning, part of the psychological undertone, part of the general atmosphere on Able Day as the men found vantage points for themselves on the upper decks and prepared to witness the explosion. Each reporter was assigned a sailor who would act as copy boy in rushing his dispatches to the communications room below decks. A Navy officer whose headphones enabled him to hear direct reports from the bombing plane stood behind us and relayed the position of the plane as it slowly climbed to its assigned altitude of 35,000 feet.



TWENTY minutes before zero-second, the order came to don the goggles. The "copy boys" were ordered to turn around and to shield their eyes with their arms. I put on the goggles. It was though someone had covered my eyes with black adhesive. The goggles seemed completely opaque. I turned around and looked squarely at the sun. It was visible, all right, but robbed of all its brilliance, robbed almost of light itself. I turned in the general direction of the target array (we were eighteen miles away) and waited. It felt as though you had just entered a room of absolute darkness and momentarily expected someone to turn on the lights.

With ten minutes to go, the bombing plane reported it had completed two practice runs over the target at the assigned altitude. The bombardier reported perfect visibility. Then the naval officer behind us announced that the plane was making its "live" run. He called out the minutes before zero as well as the distance in miles from the target.

Six minutes. Five minutes. Four minutes. Three minutes. Two minutes. The last two minutes were the hardest. Then, in a drained, parched voice, as though he had to struggle to get it out, he said simply: "Bomb away."

For fifty-three seconds the bomb fell. It easily seemed like fifty-three years. When the unknown is sovereign even for a moment, you live not one but many lifetimes. It is not that your entire life passes before you, as in the legend about a drowning man. What happens is that everything suddenly comes to a halt. No one says anything. You don't think about anything in particular; you are just conscious of a tight feeling somewhere about your middle. You feel that even the waves have stopped moving. Though it is impossible to look at your watch, you know that even the second hand's motion would be imperceptible to the human eye. And still the bomb falls. It is too far away to see; even if it weren't, everything is black before you. In that total darkness, you merely exist—exist in a vacuum of time and space.

And then, suddenly, the flash. It is deep and round and large. You rip off your goggles and see the rapidly mobilizing column rising from a clot of black smoke on the horizon. You see it gathering into a column of heavy, peach-and-cream-colored cotton, flattening out and then spreading out at the top into the classic mushroom. As soon as the classic symbol

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appears, you are jerked back to reality. Then you realize that the atomic bomb is no longer a novelty on the face of the earth, no longer a phenomenon. After four bombs, the mystery dissolves into a pattern. By this time, there is almost a standardization of catastrophe. The flash, the smoke, the rising column, the mushroom—all are now as familiar as bomber formations or the sound of the cannon or the heat of a gun barrel, as familiar as death itself. Even the planet has adjusted itself to atomic shocks, and is apparently capable of preserving its equilibrium in space against additional such assaults.

PERHAPS that is what my deck companion had in mind when he said at that point that he didn't think the next war was going to be so bad, after all. Perhaps it was reassuring to know that at least you could have a planetary floor for continental debris. Perhaps it was just the normal psychological release when uncertainty resolves itself. Perhaps he was reacting to the disappointment he felt when a cloud curtain moved in front of the rising column just as it began to be fully formed. Perhaps the news that no capital ships were reported by the patrol planes as having been sunk seemed to fit into the general air of negation. Perhaps he was angry at himself for having believed the Navy about the danger of blindness if he had viewed the flash without goggles. With goggles, he had been looking too far off center and had seen almost nothing; but the sailor copy-

boy next to him looked squarely at the explosion with the naked eye without any ill effects whatsoever, had seen everything, and was being anxiously questioned by reporters who wanted to know what an atomic burst looked like.

In any case, my deck companion, in common with most of the correspondents, sat down to write his story as he knew it at that time.

Late that afternoon, the "Apple" sailed within four or five miles of the lagoon, and we were able to bring the target array under observation through powerful binoculars. By that time, it was known that five warships had been sunk. Off on one side, we could see the *Independence* in flames. Throughout the entire area we could see heavy topside damage. The reporters began to wonder whether their first impressions were correct.

But it was not until the next day that we were able to enter the lagoon itself. Fortified with Geiger counters to detect the presence of "hot" radioactive areas, we cruised into the lagoon in small motor launches, sometimes getting within a few feet of the damaged ships. Most of the ships on the outer fringe escaped damage, but those closer to the burst were progressively hurt. Now heavy damage as a layman sees it is a lot different from "heavy damage" as described in official naval bulletins. To a Navy man, damage isn't really damage unless it affects the hull. So long as a ship is afloat, so long as it can sail away under its own steam, what happens topside is not considered crucial.

TO a landlubber, however, damage is what meets the eye. And when you see warship after warship, their superstructures mashed and tangled, their decks ripped up and the sides bashed in, you feel you have seen "heavy damage." In the case of the aircraft carrier *Independence,* you saw a floating graveyard of steel. Eighty-foot metal walls stretching up from the sea were smashed open and ripped into shredded tin. Three decks were a meaningless jumble of tangled iron and steel.

The Saturday Review would like to suggest that our government perform a valuable public service by placing the *Independence* on exhibition. Let the *Independence* be towed back to the United States. Let it be anchored off each of the coastal cities, East and West both. Let its meaning soak in as only seeing it at first hand can do. And let there be some program notes for the observers.

We should like to suggest the following:

"This wreckage would take almost a year to repair, working under full-shift, wartime speed. It would almost be cheaper to junk it altogether and start anew.

"Do not be misled by the extreme nature of the damage into thinking that this was the only ship badly battered. On the floor of a lagoon thousands of miles away are some eighteen other warships, many of them shattered into unrecognizable forms. Still afloat but virtually useless are thirty or so other naval craft of various kinds.

"Now all this damage was done by only two atomic bombs—one of them an inferior bomb that was exploded far short of the target. Bear in mind that the entire target array could have been demolished by not more than two or three atomic bombs det-

onated at reasonably deep positions under the surface.

"Bear in mind that ships must be run by men, and that it is doubtful whether any men would have been left to operate the ships that were still afloat.

"Most of all, bear in mind that what matters is not whether a battleship can stand up under an atomic bomb—which it cannot—but whether battleships or anything else can protect the homeland against atomic attack. The question is not the effect upon steel and iron, but upon human flesh. This is the supreme weapon against human life. The millions of degrees of heat generated by the protesting atom and the overwhelming blast are only two aspects of the danger. Even more menacing is the assault upon human tissue, upsetting the rate of growth, and condemning many thousands outside the area of total destruction.

"The next war, if it comes, will be fought not with two atomic bombs but with hundreds, perhaps thousands, of atomic bombs.

"When you think about the *Independence,* think also about the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Remember that new wars have a way of starting up where the last left off. Remember that no people hold any special dispensation against disaster, not even Americans.

"Remember that nations, like people, can justify their continued existence only as they can control what they can create."

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fiction Titles

SIR: I am hoping there is something you will do to make writers stop giving their books titles that no normal human being can remember. This obnoxious custom seems lately to have taken hold of too many writers of interesting fiction. They lift a phrase from the Bible, or from some obscure poem or play dear to their hearts, and attach it to their story, although it gives not the slightest inkling as to the theme, or its characters, or what they do, and means nothing to the readers. Moreover, these titles are mainly concerned with nebulous weather conditions, mist and fog, etc., or the moon, and since all people everywhere experience weather conditions more or less, there is no way of pinning down any title to any particular book. They are all interchangeable, you cannot tell one from tother, as these titles never pertain to the plot or the locality. Here's a sample of real good stories I've read lately, but how can anybody tell which is which?

Now With the Morning Star
Darkly the River Flows
Inherit the Wind
The Middle Mist
So Thick the Fog
The Narrowing Wind
By Bread Alone
The Sun Climbs Low
Winds, Blow Gently
O, Western Wind
Beyond the Dark
The Reasonable Shores
Not Yet the Moon

Glancing over the stacks in a bookstore, a casual buyer interested in pioneering in Nebraska who picked out "O, Western Wind" as something along that line would get fooled. Suppose he were interested in Nazi intrigue in Buenos Aires, which one should he pick? Which one suggests Nazi intrigue in France? One of them concerns several young English wives who bring their children to America during the blitz. A reasonable guess would be that this book would be called "The Reasonable Shores," but no—that is the title of a story about an English schoolgirl with the attractive name of Jessamy who has to take over the management of her father's home when her detestable mother elopes with an artist, and it tells of all her trials and tribulations with the children and her Uncle Lionel, a silly newspaper columnist. Now, Jessamy is a name that sticks in your mind. Why couldn't the author have followed the sensible course of earlier novelists who selected such titles as "Capitola's Punishment," "Cynthia's Choice," or "The Five Little Peppers"? Why not "Jessamy's Sacrifice" or "Schoolgirl's Dilemma"? I borrowed this book, and liked it so much I decided to buy it for a relative's birthday present. I asked the clerk in J. L. Hudson's book department for "The Reasoning Wind." She looked all over but couldn't find it. (I don't know why not, that's the only "wind" title that hasn't been used yet, I presume.) I explained that it was G. B. Stern's latest book. "Oh, yes, I know the one you want, only you got the name wrong—it's 'The Reasonable Wind.'"

Are other readers provoked into frenzy by these windy, foggy titles? Isn't there something the *SRL* can do about it?

EVELYN FOSTER MORNEWECK.

Detroit, Mich.

"Ah! Woolgathering?"

Words Beautiful and Ugly

SIR: Wilfred Funk has offered a list of the ten most beautiful words in English, and the National Association of Teachers of Speech retaliate with the ten ugliest and most unpleasant words. Taking each list, let's have some fun putting them into sentence form.

The ten most beautiful words: dawn, lullaby, hush, luminous, murmuring, tranquil, mist, chimes, golden, melody. A suggestion reads: "The mist parted; luminous was the dawn, tranquil the murmuring melody of the golden chimes. 'Hush!' she whispered."

The ten ugly words: phlegmatic, crunch, flatulent, cacophony, treachery, sap, jazz, plutocrat, gripe, plump. And in combination: "In the movies the plump plutocrat, flatulent but not phlegmatic, would crunch his popcorn and gripe at the treachery of the villain to the cacophony of the jazz band. What a sap!"

TED GORDON.

Bell, Calif.

Needed Books

SIR: To your list of "unfinished business for university presses" let me add some items in my own line. They could be subsidized by rich men who desire such a monument as the title-page of the foremost Arabic dictionary in the English language, which declares itself "Composed by Means of the Munificence of the Most Noble Algernon, Duke of Northumberland."

We need a polyglot Bible. The world of scholarship is living on Walton's polyglot of 1654, now scarce and costly. Present-day scholarship could make a much better one.

We need a collection of passages that throw light on the Bible. We now depend on Wetstein's New Testament of 1751. We ought to have together on one page Wetstein's material, the material in Field's Notes, the material in Moulton and Milligan's Vocabulary, and much else; and, with a difference, a similar work on the Old Testament.

We need a series of commentaries on the Septuagint.

Roget's Thesaurus is getting out of date, and has always been the worse for Roget's crankinesses. Mending it by patchwork is inadequate. We need a new thesaurus, made by such collaboration as produced, for instance, the "Dictionary of American English," its chief source.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Query

Sir: What the hell is a cockle in the idiom "cockles of the heart"? What does a cockle look like? Where do you find it? In the aorta? In the left ventricle? In the pericardium? What I mean is, how did the expression start?

JOHN MACKNIGHT.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Pet Hate

SIR: I have no dearth of unadulterated curses
For addlepates who pun in quatrainacious verses.

CLAUDE GEORGE WILSON.

Seattle, Wash.

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TRADE Winds

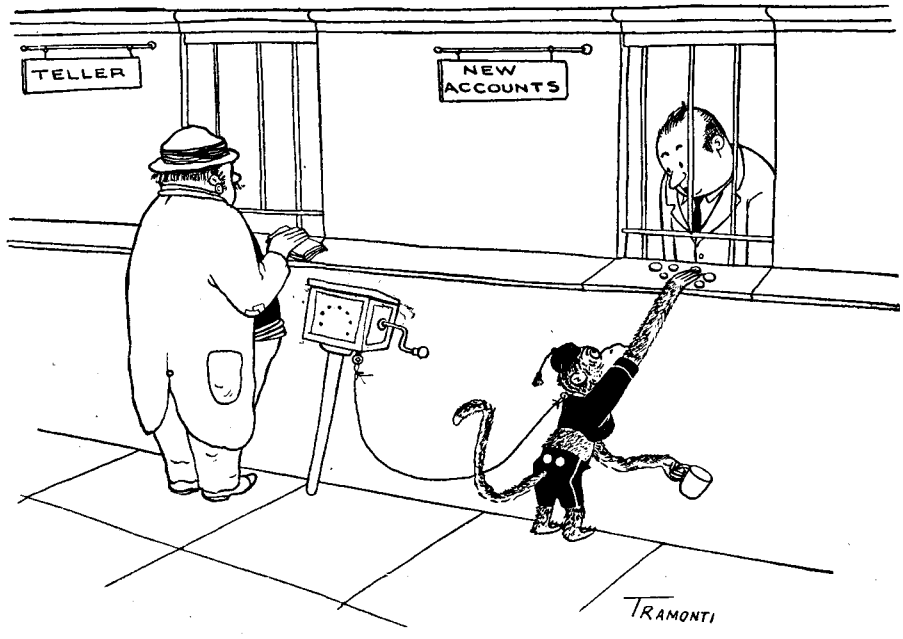
HAS SUMNER'S Society for the Encouragement of Vice established a branch in Australia? Sydney Sanders tells me that Angus and Robertson were hauled into court there because the word "bloody" appeared in one of their books—"We Were the Rats," a story woven about the siege of Tobruk. The prosecutor, one Sergeant Munro, thought "Shakespeare's first name was William" but wasn't sure; he also "had an idea that Lord Byron was on Mountbatten's staff in Burma." The magistrate was sufficiently impressed by this display of erudition to fine Angus and Robertson ten pounds. . . . In London, Publisher Geoffrey Faber detects "warning signs" in the current trend of book sales. "Rationing is still necessary," he writes, "and the publisher's profit and loss account is not yet affected. The demand is still greater than the supply. But the real experts of the publishing trade—the salesmen and the travelers—report that the gap is narrowing visibly and rapidly. If I were what is ordinarily called a sensible man, I should choose this moment when the looking-glass reversal of pre-war conditions still prevails to hire a company promoter, convert my business into a public company, and get out of publishing with a fortune." Mr. Faber adds, however, that actually he will do nothing of the sort; in fact, he rather looks forward to "the bad times which are probably round the corner, when publishing will once more be an art." . . .

BERNARD SOBEL is conducting a one-man campaign to restore the blessings of burlesque to starved New York esthetes. He reminds Mayor O'Dwyer that Minsky and his confrères developed, beside strip-tease queens and off-color blackouts, such stars as W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Bert Lahr, Weber and Fields, Bobby Clark, Abbott and Costello, James Barton, Sophie Tucker, Fannie Brice, Fred Stone, and Al Jolson. Publishers should be grateful too: this list includes some of our most distinguished "autobiographers." . . . The Henry Holt editorial front has been bolstered by the addition of Pat Haas, dean of Westchester County Shakespearian scholars. . . . Louis Green has been upset visibly by the sad predicament of a midget inebriate who, it seems, got caught in a bottleneck. . . .

THE MOST SHATTERING report on the "Who published the current best sellers?" questionnaire is submitted by Novelist Edwin Corle. His child's nurse, a provocative blonde of 24, remarked, "Shucks, everybody knows who brought out those books," and compiled her list in jig-time. MGM won with nine, Twentieth Century-Fox was second with five, and RKO, Columbia, and Universal got two apiece. . . . Victor Schwab, famous advertising executive, ran a "split-run" full-page display in *The New York Times Book Review* on a volume called "Nervous Stomach." One-half of the split ran Simon & Schuster as the publisher and brought 827 orders. The other half ran under the name of American Health Publishers and produced only 645 orders. This would indicate that in direct mail-order copy, at any rate, familiarity with the name of the publisher is a very definite factor. . . .

CROCKETT JOHNSON'S Barnaby, Mr. O'Malley, and assorted Elves, Leprechauns, and Gnomes, whose adventures in book form (Henry Holt) have achieved a decidedly un-pixielike sale, will come to life on the stage this fall, and then flit to Hollywood for further glorification. . . . Lin Yutang's next book will represent his first excursion in biography. His subject is Su Tungp'o, the great poet and painter of the Sung dynasty. John Day will be the publisher. . . . Arthur Kober's saga of the irrepressible Hollywood agent Benny Greenspan will bear the title "That Man Is Here Again." . . . Frank Sullivan, a hero of this department, expects a new book next week. It will be called "A Rock in Every Snowball.". . . A visiting English author objects to the piped-in orchestral music in many American restaurants as "obvious playing to the calory." . . . Duell, Sloan & Pearce have three headliners for September: Waldo Frank's new novel, "Island in the Atlantic," a second Juliet Lowell collection of letters called "Dear Sir or Madam," and Louis Fischer's "The Great Challenge." . . . Rinehart reports that Marcus Goodrich's new book "will not be a sequel to 'Delilah' as originally planned, but will be an explosive story in three parts, laid for the most part in Mexico." . . . An author high on current best-seller lists is in a state of constant apprehension at the antics of his teen-age daughter and her companions. "Post Office is too slow for those kids," he reports mournfully. "*They* play Air Mail!" . . . Lee Wright predicts that Michael Blankfort's "The Widow Makers" will be the outstanding "Inner Sanctum Suspense Special" of the year. . . .

WESLEY McLUNE, of the Washington bureau of *Time,* has been working for the past year on a book about the Supreme Court that is said to be anything but reverential. It will be published by Harper's . . . Best popular record buys of the season: The Decca albums of "Call Me Mister" and "Annie Get Your Gun." . . . Doubleday big-wigs are so sold on the possibilities of television that they have printed a list of their authors and literary materials available for the medium. In back of the move is old "Ears-to-the-Ground" Lee Barker, his usual three or four steps ahead of the field. Literary celebrities who have appeared on television recently (hot work these summer nights!) include Quentin Reynolds, Larry Spi-



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"I'll teach you to bite a tourist!"

vak, S. J. Perelman, Gypsy Rose Lee —and Toots Shor. . . .

THERE ARE A LOT of funny and original things in Joseph Mackey's "The Froth Estate" (Prentice-Hall). . . . And Leo Guild has figured the odds on everything from sex and murder to transportation and publishing in "You Bet Your Life" (Marcel Rodd). Guild, ace publicist for Warner Brothers, distributes a weekly release that is in a class by itself; his quips are picked up wholesale by the columnists. . . . In "You Bet Your Life," Guild tells about the day a Warner Bros. writer studied the rushes of some scenes he had written. They were terrible. When the lights went on in the projection room, Jack Warner asked the writer to see him in his inner sanctum. A violent electric storm was raging outside. The writer, dejected, walked down the hall with two friends. Suddenly all the lights flickered and faded. "What's that?" asked one of them. "That's Warner testing the chair," said the writer grimly. . . . To show that actual figures occasionally *can* be misleading, Guild cites the following motion-picture statistics: Benito Mussolini drew $2 a day in Rome for playing an extra in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Eternal City"; Leon Trotsky made $3 a day (in 1915) when he appeared in "Rasputin" at Fort Lee, New Jersey; and the Duchess of Windsor, then known as Wallis Simpson, was paid $5 a day for brief appearances in a number of Hollywood productions. It's a good story, anyhow. . . .

TOO MANY NEW anthologies cover ground already trampled by countless predecessors, but Howell Soskin have come up with an intriguing variation in a "Twin Bedside Anthology" with "His Reader" "appealing to male moods" and "Her Reader" promising "many a night's intimate companionship to milady." Charles Lee edited both volumes, although I hope he consulted his wife Erma on the selections for "milady." . . . Will Cuppy edited the Sheridan House "Murder Without Tears," a collection of real and fictional crime stories. "The title is apt," explains Mr. Cuppy, because he has included "pieces which may make you smile for one reason or another; in a few instances, because of the matter set down, but more often by some grace of manner in the doing thereof." Authors represented include James Thurber, Stewart Holbrook, John Collier, Dashiell Hammett, Isak Dinesen, and Aldous Huxley. . . . "The Best of Don Marquis," edited by Chris Morley, and published by Doubleday, is another anthology I await with pleasure. . . . If I hear of one more collection of ghost or horror stories, however, I—pardon me, folks, I learn there's one on my own list for next spring, placed there, no doubt, by an agent who possessed supernatural powers of his own. . . .

MRS. HOWARD FIELD, of Scarsdale, contributes a hitherto-unreported contretemps at the recent Booksellers' Convention. A diplomatic publisher complimented a visitor from Atlanta on her splendid appearance and added, "Do you feel as well as you look?" She answered, "There are only two things the matter with me: dandruff and a badly spoiled stomach." "Aren't you lucky," commented the publisher, "that only one shows?"

The lady reported the conversation faithfully to her husband a moment later. He nodded slowly and asked, "Honey, did you have your hat on at the time?"

BENNETT CERF.

GUNMAN'S GOSSIP

THIS particular space in this magazine will, hereafter, become a blood and thunder space. I shall furnish the blood every second week in the month, and Paul will furnish the thunder the rest of the time.

* * *

If the jacket of **DESPERATE CURE** had not carried the line "Crime Club Selection" I wouldn't have thought I was reading a "whodunit" at first. None of the usual trappings of mystery stories appeared. *Joanne Carr, M.D.* was a normal, self-contained, intelligent professional woman. Outside of the usual neurotic women patients, no one seems abnormal, sinister, or criminal. The story seems to progress along the lines of *Joanne's* growing affection for *Webb Cowan.*

Yet RUTH FENISONG, the author, manages to create a sense of tension in the growing emotional relationship between *Joanne* and *Webb.* There is nothing you can put your finger on. And several of the other characters develop behavior that is hard to explain, although still not menacing. It is an uncomfortable feeling that makes you turn the pages a little more breathlessly, without any apparent reason.

The death (was it murder?) of pretty, spoiled *Carol Nash* comes into the picture solely because she was one of *Joanne's* patients. Or are there any other links between the death and the behavior of others in *Joanne's* small circle of friends?

All of this goes to show that this is not a formula whodunit, but that RUTH FENISONG has again scored with a totally different and unusually sparkling novel with a mystery theme. In a month of unusually good Crime Club Books, this one stands out as really something special. Which means a lot when you have a new **Tim Mulligan** and **Elsie Mae Hunt** story by Aaron Marc Stein. **". . . And High Water";** a new book by Constance and Gwenyth Little (and a wacky one) called **"The Black Stocking";** and **"A Dilemma for Dax"** by Marten Cumberland . . . all on the list for August.

* * *

Paul will be patrolling this corner again next week. Gruesome reading until I return next month.

The Gunman

THE CRIME CLUB

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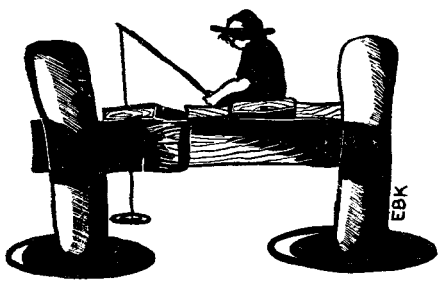
Difficult Target

THE OTHER PASSENGER. By John Keir Cross. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 320 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MOST of these eighteen tales are aimed at the misty region of horror and disbelief. It is probably inevitable that in a collection of this size, read consecutively, many of them must seem to miss the mark. The sense of horror is not to be achieved lightly, nor can it be conjured up by sheer pressure of words and massings of lights and scenery. It is in the latter of these, the excess of effort, that Mr. Cross most often errs. He expands a light and tenuous idea, as in "Cyclamen Brown" and "Esmeralda," to a length it cannot bear, so that the single haunting note that should have been struck and then left to its echoing in our imaginations is drowned and entirely dissipated by an unnecessary orchestration. Mr. Cross seems anxious, in many of his stories, to bolster his fantasy, or his horror, with a set of familiar realistic details, so that we may seem to slip unawares from reality to madness and never know where the line is drawn. But this is rarely successful, and more apt to leave us entirely foundered in the prosaic here and now. Poe knew that the trappings of horror must be appropriate and in keeping with the Other-World, Other-Life effect that is to be achieved. There are, unfortunately, two or three stories here that rework some of Poe's themes, as in "Hands" and "Amateur Gardening," and they suffer by comparison.

But I do not wish to imply that Mr. Cross has worked no black magic here. There is one story called "The



Glass Eye" which manages to achieve a quite unpredictable and unimaginable climax, despite the several conjectures that will come to mind as you read. It offers an original twist of horror that will leave its mark. You will think of it next time you see a ventriloquist's performance. "Valdemosa," which is a short sketch based upon the stay of Chopin and George Sand in Spain, is evidently a labor of love, and consummately done. It is not in the style of the others; for this once Mr. Cross gives up his search for the passage to incredibility and broods with considerable imagination over these two remarkable personalities. It is a fine story by any standards. "The Other Passenger" is the most disappointing of the tales, mainly because the idea of the fourth dimension is so compelling that we cannot bear to halt just outside the gate and never enter. Passage across the boundaries of time and space requires a convincing battery of scientific equipment, the sort that H. G. Wells could handle so beautifully. We may put this book down, then, as a collection of stabs at one of the most elusive targets in literature: the easy suspension of disbelief; and I think the reader will find the swordsmanship everywhere interesting, even when the touch is not palpably made.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Christina Allaby and four unnamed sisters, in "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler.
2. Marguerite and Marianne Le Patourel, in "Green Dolphin Street," by Elizabeth Goudge.
3. Abby and Martha Brewster, in "Arsenic and Old Lace," by Joseph Kesselring.
4. Jenny and Emmy Blanchard, in "Nocturne," by Frank Swinnerton.
5. Constance and Sophia Baines, in "Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett.
6. Sophy Crewler Traddles and Caroline, Sarah, Louise, Margaret, Lucy, and four others unnamed, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
7. Elizabeth, Kitty, Mary, Lydia, and Jane Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen.
8. Jo, Beth, Meg, and Amy March, in "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.
9. Cordelia, Goneril, and Regan, in "King Lear," by William Shakespeare.
10. Mabel Stanley and Edith, Kate, Isabel, and many others unnamed, in "The Pirates of Penzance," by W. S. Gilbert.

Papa Was a Heel

THE FINGERS OF NIGHT. By Hubert Creekmore. New York: D. Appleton-Century, Inc. 1946. 208 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

MR. Creekmore's night is about as dark as it ever gets even in Mississippi. And that, as has been indicated in American novels before, is pretty dark. But Mr. Creekmore's first novel almost seems to render special devotion to the darkness as his pity for young Tessie, who could escape from malignant puritanism but not from its pursuing fears, seems perversely to prove the old wage theory about sin.

In his Tessie, Mr. Creekmore has given us almost the ultimate portrait of the captured child. Poor, ignorant, motherless, shut in by the religious fanaticism of a father who could beat a woman or a child to death to save them from the sins of the flesh, young Tessie is about as pathetic a figure in revolt as any author old or new has given us in a long time. Indeed, from the moment Tessie takes her Clarence with more deliberation than passion on the floor of the cotton house until she murders her baby to hide her sin from her father, Mr. Creekmore's story is the unrelieved description of a baffled, driven, determined little girl involved in a composite of virtually all the cruelties possible on this earth and in Mississippi. Tessie and Clarence at the last are not only the victims of her father's perverted religion but of Clarence's brother's cheating meanness. Negroes who are kind to them are almost lynched, and momentarily both Clarence and Tessie consider such a lynching as a way of escape for themselves. A little uncertain light of courage and hope does illumine the end of the book—but flickeringly. Clarence and his Tessie on her way to jail may no longer make a god of fear, but certainly around them the darkness is by no means entirely dispelled.

As a new novelist Mr. Creekmore is assuredly one of the sad young men. But he is also a young man who knows his people and possesses the gift to give life to them in his pages. Not everybody will enjoy the pathetic fable of his Tessie, but certainly his book about her contains not only dark pity but bright promise.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 645)

GLADYS SCHMITT:

DAVID THE KING

I have sought only after God. For to love . . . is to strive darkly, imperfectly, in spite of all the exigencies of the flesh and the world, to become a part of that Everlasting Being from whom we issued forth and unto whom we go at last.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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HEARING THINGS

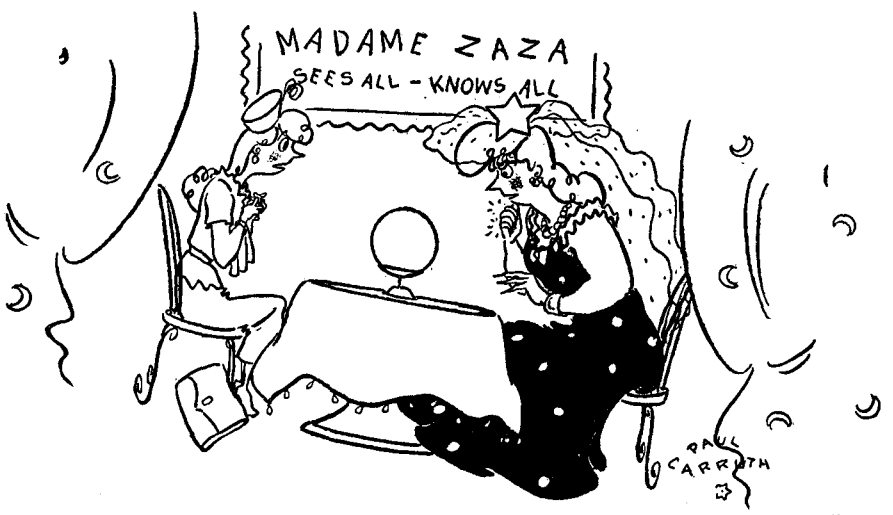
THE SYMPHONY

IN the field of literature genres and types are well understood and distinguished; a reader or theatregoer is most of the time well aware of what the book or play is supposed to represent. More precisely, a drama will seldom be mistaken for a novel, and if a novel is dramatized both the arranger and the public—let alone the critics—recognize the qualities that account for the changed genre. Not so in music. A "symphonic" concert may or may not present a bona fide symphony, but even if the program mentions a symphony it is often an orchestral piece devoid of symphonic qualities. Nevertheless, the great prestige of the symphony of the classic period carried over into the romantic era, and although the principles of symphonic construction had largely been lost, most composers considered it their highest duty and greatest ambition to compose orchestral works in the symphonic vein.

Our knowledge of the pre-history of the symphony is vague; no comprehensive scholarly work is as yet devoted to it. The music-loving public, and a good many musical authors, content themselves with the simple assumption that Haydn was the "father" of the symphony which he derived from the older instrumental suite. While it is true that Haydn was the first great classical symphonist, he did not create the symphony, nor did it descend from the old dance suite, despite the fact that the eighteenth-century symphony contained a minuet. Everyone listening to a symphony by Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven is carried away with the intense dramatic force of certain passages, and it is in these dramatic moments that the origin of the species is to be sought. Once we realize that the chief musical type of the late baroque era was opera —Italian opera—we find the correct starting point. Wherever we turn, whether to the "St. Matthew Passion," or Purcell's anthems, or Handel's oratorios, we are still listening to the same dramatic accents built on the same techniques and devices which go into the making of the music drama. It may sound like blasphemy to the uncompromising purist, but the *Christe Eleison* in Bach's "B Minor Mass" is a typical Italian operatic duet, while the aria *He Shall Feed His Flock*, from Handel's "Messiah," is the purest example of Neapolitan opera aria. All this is, of course, perfectly natural, and only unfamiliarity with opera and its history, and inherited Anglo-Saxon prejudices against opera, make one wince to discover "theatrical" elements even in sacred music. It stands to reason that the instrumental composer was eager to capture the power and brilliancy of this style for his own purposes, and he had a good medium in the animated, flexible, and expressive orchestral accompaniment that supported the arias and recitatives. The art of writing a good orchestral support—the *accompagnato*—was a special and important branch of musical instruction in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was this *accompagnato* which furnished to the classic symphony its chief ingredient. Once emancipated from the stage and endowed with formal principles of its own, a new and most original species of music was born.

Although this sounds simple, the line of development from operatic accompaniment to symphony was somewhat complicated. The unsurpassed masters of opera were the Italians. Whatever they touched brought forth that sensuous melody, that intensification of song, which we associate with their music. But they were not given to abstractions like their northern colleagues who—like Bach, for instance —carried their love of uncompromising musical logic characteristic of their instrumental writing even into their vocal works. Neither Germans nor Italians were capable of achieving a synthesis of the two styles; their predilections and their traditions prevented them from doing so, therefore it was inevitable that some other musical territory, contiguous with both, should provide the theatre of the great stylistic merger. Lying between Germany and Italy, having learned much from her kindred neighbor and having lived for centuries in close association with Italy, Austria was destined to call into life the great school we call rather loosely the "Viennese School." While Vienna with its Italian and German opera, elaborate church music, and lovely popular music was indisputably the center of the movement, the Austrian provinces —notably Bohemia—played an important part in the creation of the new style. The delightful Salzburg serenade music, as well as many national airs and dances, particularly the Bohemian, left their mark on the symphony.

Needless to say, it would take a lengthy volume to detail the intricate merger of all these elements. Suffice it to say that in the hands of the great classic symphonists this idiom was forged into a style that amazes equally by its inexorable logic and uncompromising consistency, and by its great freedom of action and inexhaustible play of fantasy. The classic symphonist selects a subject matter that is terse, and has a sharp melodic and rhythmic profile. The curious thing about these symphonic subject matters is that they are musical organisms seldom able to live their own life; they do not amount to much; what matters is what can be done with them. In a word, a truly symphonic theme receives its significance through elaboration. The composer dissects it, twists it, turns it, plays with the smallest fragments, distorts them, and after the last drop has been squeezed out of his subject matter, reassembles it in its original shape. The formal principles of symphonic construction emphasize this thematic play by creating a tension between tonalities and by opposing to the principal subject one or, at times, more second-



"You'll soon marry a tall, dark man and what you see in him *I* don't know."

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Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Harold Keel, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Norma Howard, Jean Cast
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
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Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Jack Kilty • Owen Martin • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
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Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. Air-Cond.
Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
BERT WHEELER in
"HARVEY"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48 St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-Conditioned

ary subjects which tend to emphasize the dramatic quality of the relentless pursuit of the thematic elements. The peak of symphonic logic and power was reached in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. No one, not even Beethoven, has ever surpassed the pregnancy of this stupendous work, yet the principal subject matter—I advisedly refrain from calling it a theme—consists of only four notes, three of which are repeated.

The romantic composers, chiefly lyricists, misunderstood the spirit of the symphony. Their beautiful large themes do not lend themselves to symphonic development, for they are too significant in themselves and cannot suffer dissection and manipulation. The lyrical element, held down to a minimum in the epic and dramatic symphony of the classic era, gained the upper hand, a fact which was fatal to a logical thematic exploitation, the main force of the symphony. There was also the romanticists' lack of feeling for a true and free contrapuntal technique which alone permits an easily flowing manipulation of the symphonic idiom. Living in the shadow of Beethoven's world, the shy and untutored Schubert was the only great symphonist among the romantics. Chopin wisely stayed away from the large orchestral forms; Schumann had much trouble with his teetering symphonic structures in spite of the lovely music he poured into them, while Bruckner and Mahler spread all over the landscape. Among the orchestral composers of the second half of the nineteenth century only Brahms was a true symphonist—and a great one. But what conservative, nostalgic, and even pessimistic tones those four great symphonies strike! They are the confession of a great musician who realized that the Beethovenian path had ended and something else would have to be found. The new direction started with Liszt, and by the time we reach Debussy there is a new, original, and perfectly valid orchestral style, but this is no longer symphonic. Unfortunately most composers fail to realize that the symphony as it was understood in Beethoven's time and recreated by Brahms is a thing of the past. Neither Sibelius nor Shostakovitch has given us anything new; they are both stragglers from the post-romantic era—hence their popularity as "modern" composers. While one would think that orchestral music would follow its own course, striking out as in the past for new horizons, Prokofieff or Walter Piston, to mention but two of our eminent contemporary composers, have demonstrated that modern symphonies can be composed without following an antiquated pattern.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

17th WEEK!
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DANNY KAYE
At his funniest in
"The KID from BROOKLYN"
IN TECHNICOLOR
COOL! B'way at 45th ASTOR MIDNITE SHOW EVERY NITE
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"Kaye's best yet!" —Journal-American

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"THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS"
A Paramount Picture
IN PERSON
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GIL LAMB THE ACROMANIACS
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DICK STABILE And His Orchestra
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The Effect Is to Stun

THE STATE OF NATURE. By Paul Goodman. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THROUGH the same characters, or symbols, employed in his "Grand Piano," Mr. Goodman here continues his discussion with himself. Like his hero, Horatio Alger, he obviously enjoys "the blissful harmony of his wonderful ego." Some of his ideas have significance, others have none; sometimes the symbols he uses to convey his meaning evoke momentary responses of the sort he intends, more often they confuse and exasperate. Whether, in order to learn what the author thinks, the reader wishes to read a book written in slipshod prose punctuated by strident italics, meaningless repetitions, and lazy abuse of the word "etc." will depend on his willingness to swim through waves of Freud, Saroyan, Gertrude Stein, and *The New Masses* to retrieve such treasures as the following passage inspired by the *Great Ship* lying on her side:

> Whenever an object is so huge that the eye cannot take it in, but the mind *must* take it in, for after all it was only a machine, the first effect is to stun. Then deeper feelings are released. (But what these feelings are depends on the *meaning* of the spectacle.) I know that I for my part—but the feeling is personal and probably eccentric—when I see these colossi, I react by judging them to be small toys, for their state is not quite persuasive,

or a paragraph like the following, designed to indicate what happened when one of the characters, or symbols, no madder than the rest, released the animals from the zoo:

> Without transition, without transition this first pause of surprise passed over into silent panic fright. As if there had been no new experience, no new experience, to stun, to stun the mind and create the condition for panic fright. But as if *this* spectacle were what they had already been experiencing, what they had been experiencing, all along. That on the pedestal there were two tigresses. It was because the people in the closed plaza were unaccountably at ease, each staring at the animal for which he had a deep affinity, that they now went through an experience already experienced. (Their reactions were therefore inevitable.)

This reader honestly believes that the results are incommensurate with the agony of the effort.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 164

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 164 *will be found in the next issue.*

ZK ANBSOC DK EAXXSXXDAK

XSFGAH LSCZDKX CTS XZHS

OTZLH CTZC DC TZG DK

EPLXPDC.

EFDKM CTS MAPKWSL—

FSCCSLX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 163

Would puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degree of consanguinity.

MIGUEL de CERVANTES
—*Don Quixote.*

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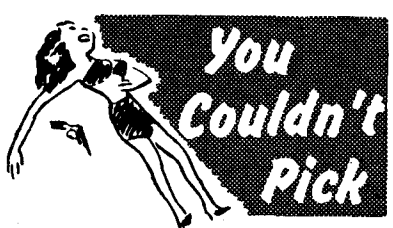

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THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS

(*Continued from page 6*)

Mrs. Burgoyne's brother was killed by a Japanese sniper on Guadalcanal. Storekeepers with "No Jap Trade" signs in their doorways waited for the minister to change his stand. Mrs. Burgoyne said she could see no connection between the Nisei families in the Hood River Valley and the Japanese imperial troops who had slain her brother.

"My brother died to secure 'liberty and justice for all,'" she declared with finality.

A much-decorated Hood River Army captain came home from the Southwest Pacific, where he had served with Nisei soldiers. Bands blared a welcome. The captain accosted his father on the second day of his return. "What in hell is this, dad, I hear about our firm not dealing with Japanese families?" The sign in the window came down.

Mail piled up on Mr. Burgoyne's desk in the parish house. Much of it was from combat soldiers. "The disgrace of the Hood River honor roll makes us all blush with shame," wrote a Marine officer from Fleet Post Office 920. "I am glad a minister of my church has the decency and guts to stand up for what we are fighting to protect."

T/4 Sagie Nishioka wrote his pastor from Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver. Sagie, shot through the abdomen, had just received his fortieth blood transfusion.

"No one, not in my situation," wrote the wounded Nisei soldier, "can appreciate to the fullest extent what it has meant to us to find we have friends. Your assistance will never be forgotten by all who owe our well-being to you people who have stood for liberty and justice. Words cannot express the desired gratitude. To us, you, our friends in Hood River, represent the American flag and the American spirit."

Shrapnel had hit Sagie when he was storming Carrara in Italy with the 442nd Infantry Regiment. Mrs. Moore's son-in-law was fighting nearby with a mountain outfit trained on the slopes of Rainier National Park. The League for Liberty and Justice told Hood River about Sagie—and about the other Nisei of the 442nd.

In the beginning, economic pressure had been applied to the members of the League for Liberty and Justice. Townspeople told them they could not trade with men and women whose loyalty to America was in doubt. Now, perceptibly, sentiment commenced to shift. The vise could screw both ways. Shoppers made it a point to say that they could not give business to a firm where a soldier with the Silver Star or a wounded man receiving his fortieth blood transfusion was not welcome.

"Women came around to our way of thinking a little quicker than the men," Mrs. Moore recollected. "They seemed a little more sensitive to injustice. I also regret to say that we found the heads of the Apple Growers' Association more kindly toward the Japanese families than many of the workers. Some of the workers wouldn't crate apples from Japanese orchards. But they finally came around, too. Was the community divided politically? No, I wouldn't say it was. The League for Liberty and Justice had about as many Democrats as Republicans. I think all you could say with reference to politics is that the real violent Roosevelt-haters generally seemed to be intolerant of the Japanese families, too."

C. A. Perkins, an active Legionnaire who runs a wholesale grocery warehouse, said he felt Post No. 22 should have stuck to its original position. He was still opposed to putting "Jap names beside American names on any list." He took a piece of the stationery with the photograph of

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the glorious mountain valley. Beneath "There is No Room in This Picture for Japs" he wrote:

1. Would you move into a Jap community?
2. Would you go to a Jap church?
3. Would you marry a Jap (American born or not)?
4. Will you compete on equal terms with a Jap worker?
5. Are you willing to see Jap communities grow and enlarge in our cities to the point where their clannish, slavish *(sic)* economic cancer fouls the life blood of American commerce and economic balance so that their descendants finally own the country?
6. Are you willing to see Japs elected to public office?
7. Would you have your son serve under Jap-American officers?
8. Would you let your daughter marry a Jap?
9. Do you think a Jap-American is just as good a citizen and asset to the U. S. A. as you are?

Anyone who can answer "yes" to the above questions should seek admission to Japan.

A farmer on R.F.D. 1 felt the Japs were "lousy orchardists." A lantern-jawed grower across the road complained that "Japs are unfair competition." He claimed that they let pregnant women spray trees and pick fruit. He said he had seen them fertilize their orchards with excretion dug from privy-house pits. No, he did not know of any of their fruit being discarded by inspectors from the State Department of Agriculture.

Another farmer contended that "Uncle Sam had made a mighty big mistake in letting Japs come into the country in the first place." How did he feel about Catholics? Well, Catholics always caused a heap of trouble wherever they was. And Jews? Jews got all the money without working for it. Negroes? We don't want niggers in Hood River any more 'n Japs. Had he had any experience with Indians? Indians is no damn good. Get a little liquor under their belts and they're as dangerous as a blizzard in January.

Not all the Japanese families have come back to Hood River. A few were afraid to return. They stayed in the Rocky Mountain region near the relocation camps. Many of them formed friendships in the camps which they were loath to break. The Rev. Isaac Inoye wrote his friend Mr. Burgoyne, that he was forming a Methodist parish in Idaho instead of going back to Hood River. Sagoro Asai is in Hood River again, but each week he reads from front to back page the *Colorado Times*, a Japanese language paper telling of the activities of the people he knew at Hart Mountain relocation camp.

The bleak as well as the pleasant is an unforgettable part of life. On the Ogawa living-room table, beneath a painting of the resurrection, is a photograph of the old CCC barracks at the Tule Lake relocation camp. "We do not want to be there again," said Mrs. Sue Ogawa, "not ever while we live. Yet there we meet many friends. White people are good to us, too. We do not blame American government. American government very fair, no can help what it must do. Mr. Taylor best of all friends. He is American, too."

Not only the Japanese have memories of a unique chapter in the history of the United States. Jess Edington, commander of Legion Post No. 22, says he is sick of the whole affair. "It's been a headache to my wife and myself," he adds. "We even got a letter from a Miss Edington in the State of Virginia, saying she was ashamed her name was spelled the same as ours. That's not very fair. We aren't ashamed of what we did with the names on the honor roll, but we couldn't fight the whole country. It seems that everyone turned against us, just about everyone."

The Methodist church is on a high hill, and Mr. Burgoyne looked off toward the rivers and said, "Maybe in a way it is for the best that all this happened. I think the persecution of these people opened up wells of brotherhood in Hood River that never would otherwise have been tapped."

Taro Asai knocked the humus of the valley off his GI shoes and added, "I would not have believed that anyone, no matter what his color, could have been the kind of friends that the Smiths have been to us. They saved our farm and orchard. They saved my parents from heartbreak. They saved my brothers and me from working for coolie wages in a salmon cannery. They are real benefactors."

In the bright May sunlight the mountain peak pointed upwards toward the heavens, as it had on that bygone morning when the tribesfolk welcomed the men with strange white faces from up the river.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
SCHUBERT — HIS STORY AND HIS MUSIC. José Ferrer, narr. Vox Symph. Orch, Max Goberman. Soloists. VOX 254 (3 10″) $3.75	Technically improved over previous Mozart album. Music is faded farther down before going out. Whole continuity seems smoother.	A—	This 2nd volume is clear improvement over Mozart album (*SRL* Aug. 3). Music is more suitable for "radio" type treatment, suffers less. This time, much better musical stopping points. Soloists poor, story hardly scholarly: but still good for your children. Try it.
RACHMANINOFF RECITAL. Jacob Gimpel, pianist. VOX 608 (3 10″) $3.75	Brilliant, a bit thin for this music.	B+	Gimpel features highlights of 2nd Concerto, as piano solo—unthinkable *except* in Rachmaninoff (possibly Chopin). Competent playing of 7 items, but can't compare with Rachmaninoff's own. Compare "Oriental Sketch" in both albums.
(*pre-war issue*:) RACHMANINOFF, Eleven Piano Pieces. Rachmaninoff (pianist). Victor M 722 (5 10″) $4.50	Full, heavy piano tone.	B+	

HOW TO RELAX

THE automatic changer is a technological dead-end. It may be refined and polished in a hundred ways, but the contradiction of the machine itself is there to stay, a fine example of the helplessness of industry in the face of its own evolution. The changer, I maintain, is a deadly mechanism, and expensive. Sometimes deadly to records themselves. But even when all goes well and records do in fact drop or slide or thump unscathed to their appointed places, in the appointed order, there are psychological jolts equally devastating.

We are the most nervous nation on earth because we spend most of our time trying to relax by relaxing—letting someone else, or better a machine, do the work—when, as anybody ought to know, the only way to relax is to *do* something. (The best musical relaxation of all is to *make* music, not to listen to it; to sing in a chorus, or play something, preferably with a group.) It is an uncomfortable business, granted, to get up from one's seat and change a record manually. Radio transcriptions good for fifteen minutes a side have long since persuaded me of that. But to my mind it is far more uncomfortable to sit, actionless, powerless, and listen to—worse, listen *for*—the deadly rhythmical series of clicks and bumps that attend the changer's best efforts—always with the mind tense and ready to spring at the slightest deviation from the well-known cycle, relaxed part way at least when the needle hiss begins, yet still tense with the possibility that the machine, after all, has merely begun the last record again, or even skipped a side.

It is true that changers are greatly improved over what they once were. Yet in all honesty have you ever listened to a classical recording in utter confidence and relaxation? I still remember, with shudders, an expensive pre-war job that systematically discriminated against Victor records, cracking them neatly, while it allowed Columbias to pass at will. A minor adjustment fixed it, but not me. I am permanently damaged.

No, come what may, the changer is an anomaly, an instrument ideally suited to create the very nervous tension it theoretically reduces. The mere act of chaning a record yourself is an act of mastery, a positive action, controllable, aimed at a perfectible end—to reduce the actual and psychological gap between the end of one side and the start of another. Action, self-controlled, any amateur psychologist knows, is the answer to all kinds of fears and tensions.

And what's more, anybody with normal fingers can change a record in half the time a changer takes, and silently too. If we must (and we must) have 12-inch records, playing at 78 r.p.m., then let me put in a strong bid for the manual system—even with "automatic sequence" records. It's a lot cheaper, and it's guaranteed to relax.

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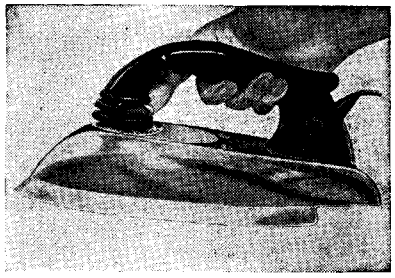

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Writing About America

IT is a source of satisfaction to this reviewer that the Newbery Medal, awarded to the most distinguished book for children published in 1945, was given to Lois Lenski's "Strawberry Girl." Miss Lenski has the faculty of digesting and assimilating her material before she writes her story. Her characters are individuals, but they are conditioned by their background. One feels that she *likes* people, and that she thoroughly enjoys her research when she is delving into historical records or living in a locality in order to get its atmosphere and flavor. It is not an easy thing to make vivid and interesting an historical period or a locality. One must have, first, integrity and, then, the ability to add spice and excitement to the scene. Miss Lenski's gifts as an artist add to the value of her American stories. The one thing that she lacks is humor—which is an important omission when one considers our national folk heroes.

Children all over the globe are asking for stories about America. A good deal of probing and thinking must be done before we select the ones that are to be sent across the seas—as they are or in translation. Here are a few to consider.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

Traveling House

GIGI IN AMERICA. By Elizabeth Foster. Illustrated by Phyllis N. Coté. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 124 *pp.* $2.

HUNDREDS of American boys and girls will remember the previous book about Gigi—the most popular of the horses in the merry-go-round in the Vienna Wurstelprater before the Second World War. They will remember how the war came, how Gigi was sent to Paris and then to London and was finally sold to an American. They will remember how in America he found Lili, his favorite among the Viennese children, now a "lady grown" and too old to talk to him and to understand his speech because only children who were small enough to put their feet in Gigi's stirrups could really understand him. The American who had bought Gigi in London had painted his dapple gray coat white and put him on her lawn as an ornament.

The little gypsy girl Rita and her brother Carlos understood Gigi. As they traveled through New England toward the Maine coast they took the best of care of him. Rita even wrote letters for him to Lili and read him her answers. But when they got to Old Orchard, Papa Alfredo sold Gigi and all the other horses so that he could buy an automobile. This was hard on Rita and Carlos, but it was still harder for Gigi. If his old friend Rat of the liner *Normandie* had not turned up, Gigi would have been very unhappy. The New England winter was long and cold and dull. Then a little New England girl, Dora, comes along, and the story gains excitement.

Throughout the story the conversation between Gigi and Rat is very amusing. If this book lacks the glamor of the scenes in Vienna before the war, it shows how the war affected us here in America, how even Gigi's adventures became a part of the war record. The drawings by Phyllis Coté are as attractive as those in the first book about Gigi. M. G. D.

Brown Skin

BRIGHT APRIL. By Marguerite de Angeli. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 88 *pp.* $2.50.

ONCE again Marguerite de Angeli has written an appealing story with a child of a minority group as its heroine. But this time she has hit a snag. Her all-embracing sympathy and affection for humanity are here, but there is no evidence of a knowledge and appreciation of the racial integrity of the main character.

April Bright is an engaging child, nine years old. She is a Brownie Scout and is much interested in all Brownie activities. Her father is a mail carrier, her sister in nurse's training, one brother is in the Army overseas and the younger one is at home. April's activities are those of any normal child of her age. They are told with a simplicity and charm that make them absorbing reading for little girls. There is a shadow, however, on April's life. It darkens whenever a letter from Ken, the soldier brother, arrives. He has had a good education in architecture and he longs to get home and to try to accomplish something in his field. But he doubts that the opportunity will be his. Now and then April herself is the target for thoughtless cruelties—as when a new girl refuses to sit beside her at a Scout party. But April's mother has common sense as well as tenderness. Her Scout leaders are sympathetic and anxious to help April over the hard moments, so the hurts assume relatively little importance. When the little girl who refused to sit beside her finds out that April is just as nice, just as clean, and just as interested in books as she is, the two become bosom friends and April's cup of happiness is full.

The emphasis here is all on one point—that April is just the same as other girls, the only difference being her brown skin. Never once is the word Negro mentioned—as though it were something shameful and not to be discussed. In two instances a kind adult covers the mouth of a thoughtless child to keep her from mentioning the word, from hurting April and making her feel "different." If books that emphasize propaganda are necessary for children, perhaps such an attitude has its place. It might lead

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to tolerance, although it would be a self-conscious tolerance. But surely children who are at the picture-story-book age preserve their native clearness of vision. Rather than hushing up the child who mentions April's race it would be wiser to take it as an opportunity for positive teaching—that race can be a source of pride rather than a handicap that must not be mentioned.

Sociologically and spiritually we, as a country, have far to go. Such pleasant, sentimental stories as this, though written with honesty and sincerity, will help but little. Pity may foster affection, but out of it will never grow respect, understanding, and true brotherhood.

The illustrations have Marguerite de Angeli's usual charm.

RUTH A. HILL.

Harlem Scene

MY DOG RINTY. By Ellen Tarry and Marie Hall Ets. Illustrated by Alexander and Alexandra Alland. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 47 *pp.* $1.50.

IF there were no text to this book at all it would have great distinction. The photographs are amazing in their human appeal and their technical perfection. Anyone who has spent even a short space of time with the Negro children of New York's Harlem knows what fun one can have with them, what a gay time they have in spite of all handicaps. Led by one little boy, David, and his wire-haired terrier, Rinty, we see Harlem as it is to its children—the stores, the streets, the school, the playground, even a story hour at the public library. We see the families at home, the faces of mothers and fathers, of the editor of the local newspaper. The photographs are wisely chosen and brilliantly executed.

The text is by Ellen Tarry and an old friend of the Harlem children—Marie Ets. Her "In the Forest" has been a favorite in the Harlem public libraries since its appearance. Her text for these pictures is absolutely right. It tells a rather exciting story of how David and Rinty became the rat-catchers for the old tenement houses—the "Pied Pipers of Harlem"—and of how they had their pictures published on the front page of the local newspaper. David is a lucky, happy boy because he has a good home and understanding parents. Rinty is a lucky, happy dog because he has a good master. There are many things that the people of Harlem need to make life better; but this book will convince everyone who looks at it that they have three dominating and infinitely precious assets—racial friendliness, tolerance, and laughter.

M. G. D.

Brown Hen

THE BRAVE BANTAM. By Louise Seaman. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 48 *pp.* $1.

IT takes the right kind—and a very special kind—of imagination to make anything as commonplace as a little bantam hen into a dramatic and important figure. Louise Seaman has this power and tells a satisfying story.

The little brown hen marches through the pages, meeting and mastering the difficulties with which life confronts her. She wins the affection not only of the Peck family who are her landlords, but of the children who read her story. No less endearing are Helen Sewell's drawings. It is a satisfying book in every way.

MARION C. DODD.

Sally Again

THE WONDERFUL DAY. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pictures by Helen Sewell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 126 *pp.* $2.

THE first book in this series, "Away Goes Sally," was one of the few realistic stories that could be told as one tells a folktale to a group of children at a story hour. The oxen who draw Sally's house along the New England roads are slow-moving, but Sally herself is like a piece of quicksilver. Her story has action, character, and a wording that shows, always, the poet underlying the story-teller. The same thing can be said of the books that follow: "Five Bushel Farm," "The Fair American," and "The White Horse." There was ample opportunity for romantic adventure in clipper ship days, and Sally had her share of it.

Here, Sally is on the threshold of womanhood. Her wonderful day dawns when, after four years, the French boy, Pierre, comes back from France in Captain Pattison's ship, *The Fair American*. Much happens before the sun sets. Trouble threatens Uncle Joseph and the aunts and it is Sally and Andrew who help to solve the problems.

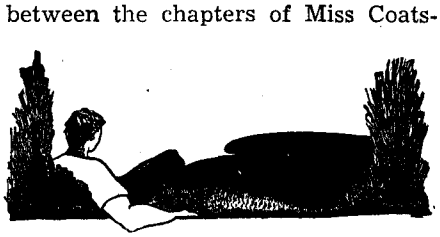
Those of us who look for the poems between the chapters of Miss Coatsworth's stories find here some of the most satisfying. There is one about a little red hen in a storm that would make an enchanting text for a picture book. There is one that tells of Maine in July that stirs a longing for that windy and beautiful coast in the heart of this reviewer. There is one only a few lines long that, like the Benéts' lines on Daniel Boone, says much in few words:

O Clouds, so white against the sky,
O seeds of milkweed drifting by,
Where is the place to which you go?

"The wind has orders.
He will know."

Obviously great care has been given to the making of this book. Miss Sewell's New England end-papers are printed in emerald green and the cloth binding is the clear yellow of a ripe lemon. One cannot say that this is the best of the books about Sally. It is a completely satisfying link in her story. It needs no further comparison.

M. G. D.



Warm Springs

TRIUMPH CLEAR. By Lorraine Beim. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 200 *pp.* $2.

ALTHOUGH Marsh Evans had agreed to compromise on two years of college first, she had convinced her parents that she should go to a school of drama and make the stage her career. Then all her dreams were shattered—she became a victim of infantile paralysis. Her determination to get well, to let nothing interfere with her career, was a big factor in her recovery. A year at Warm Springs helped her physically and also helped her to face the future,

The word picture of Warm Springs is interesting. One understands the gratitude that all the people of Warm Springs feel toward the man who made it such a force for the development of normal people who have the same responsibility to society as physically perfect individuals. Marsh's periods of adjustment during her stay there probably parallel those of almost anyone in her circumstances; first resentment toward her misfortune and a determination to keep it from changing her life; then despondency over the slowness of her improvement that sends her on silly escapades with a few young people who get their release in breaking rules; then overdoing cooperation; finally turning with resolution toward a steady, balanced attitude, her handicap taking its place in the background as do the hurdles that all people must overcome before they achieve success in any field.

R. A. H.

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the Phoenix Nest

BALLAD OF THE LOCUST EATERS

I'M sick of the schooner, Mother.
I'm sick of the sage-brush sea.
I'm sick for the waves of Portsmouth
Rolling in proper blue."
"Lie down in the wagon, Johnnie,
And let your troubles be;
Joseph Smith and the Mormon gods
Will take good care of you."

"I've plowed and planted, Mother,
And harvest should be near,
But terror sits my shoulder
For a drought is on the grain."
"Lie down and rest, my Johnnie,
Sleep and forget your fear;
Joseph Smith and the Mormon gods
Will send along the rain."

"Praise for the good rain, Mother!
The heads are blowing brown.
Our scythes will soon be cutting
The food for boy and man."
"But what is this?—this insect host,
This dark swarm settling down?
Now Gods of Mormon and Joseph Smith
Befriend us if you can!"

"The end comes soon now, Mother.
The end comes soon and sad.
The locusts get the harvest
That we sweated to make be."
"But what is that, my Johnnie?
Has trouble driven me mad
That I see a shade on the waves of wheat
That belongs on the Portsmouth sea?"

"A gull! A sea-gull, Mother!
Two thousand miles from sea!
No, you're not crazy, Mother.
And look! It's brought its mate."
"There's another! And another!
O Johnnie, fall on your knee,
And pray to the Gods of Joseph Smith
That it may not be too late!"

"They're coming in hundreds, Mother,
A wave of white, a flock.
(O, save the Mormons from dying,
Great Joseph Smith who died!)"
And now the wave is breaking
Like foam on a yellow rock,
And the click of beaks is like the suck
Of pebbles in the tide.

"They're rising again now, Mother,
(I hear the surf on the shore)
Going back to their native country
Which blows not yellow but blue."
"And since there is left no locust,
I think they will come no more,
For they've done the work that Joseph Smith
Commanded them to do."

DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON.

* * *

Miriam Allen DeFord (Mrs. Maynard Shipley) writes to me from San Francisco:

It might interest you (and Mr. Morley) to know that I was very well acquainted with Henry Frank, whose egregious "poetry" you published on June 22.

Frank's verse was atrocious, but he himself was an earnest worker in good causes. He was chairman of the San Diego branch of the Science League of America, of which my husband was president—the organization which did so much to fight the anti-evolution laws in the 1920's. In fact, the last time Maynard ever spoke in public, during his own last illness, was at a memorial meeting for Frank, who died in 1933.

I believe Frank, born a Jew, had been orphaned in early childhood and reared by a Christian family somewhere in New England. He became a Presbyterian minister, then by gradual stages lost his orthodoxy until he wound up as a Rationalist. His admiring friends gave him rather too good an idea of his literary talents, and like most very small men he was a bit pompous; but he really was a good public speaker and a sincere and hard-working liberal in several fields.

Incidentally, while I am writing, I hate to find fault with Betty Smith, whose work I like so much; but in her review of "Something Between," in the same number, she made a bad error. The title of the very fine mystery by Helen Eustis is "The Horizontal Man," not "The Lateral Man." For the sake of an unsually well done mystery, will you have the correction made?

* * *

I am reminded by a correspondent who wishes to be nameless that, in an article I wrote of A. E. Housman, some time ago, I made the misstatement that the manuscript of "A Shropshire Lad" was in our Library of Congress. To set people right, Laurence Housman has himself stated that his brother gave the manuscript to his own college, and that the manuscript of "Last Poems" is in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

* * *

CAT SHOW

Lordly and langorous, opulent and proud,
The Persians stalk the brief length of their cage,
Resigned, disdainful of the doting crowd
Yet conscious as the actors on a stage.

The lustrous fur, the slanting golden eyes
Gleaming like jewels, arrogant and clear,
The shaded Silvers, shining Blacks and Reds,
The bored and languid champions are here.

Cages flaunt winning ribbons, blue or gold,
The cats, impatient, eager to go home,
Polish their paws, yawn daintily and stretch.
Behind each cage—the liver and the comb!

MARY ATWATER TAYLOR.

* * *

Macaulay was certainly no impartial historian, but in glancing over

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THEREBY HANGS A CORPSE *Clarence Mullen* (Mystery House: $2.)	Corpse hanging in New York state cemetery with private-eye's card in pocket gets two sleuths in trouble.	Pugilists, racketeers, sultry dames, guys who say "aint'cha," tommyguns, and all that sort of stuff.	Cheap toughie
SPANISH BLOOD *Raymond Chandler* (World: 49¢.)	Collection of five "long-shorts" written in late 1930's. Mainly Western locale. Varietyof sleuths.	Title story is about best of lot, but all will interest Chandler fans and readers who hone for gore and action.	Good and tough
STRANGER AT HOME *George Sanders* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Cal. dept. store owner returns home after 4 years' absence and finds 2 murders, also who it was almost slew him.	Arrogant Mike Vickers, three "friends," and detective Trehearne keep things moving speedily to not unexpected ending of cool, ironical, yarn.	Worth reading

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the beginning of his "History of England" recently, I was struck by the pertinence of certain lines to what we might say of our own country today. For instance:

> It will be seen that even what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies [or totalitarian states, let us say! W. R. B.] are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. . . . (Yet) those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination may talk of degeneracy and decay: but no man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

It is always easy to remark that everything is going to the dogs, and today I find here and there among young people quite as disillusioned and disheartened views of the situation as, in the past, were supposed to be the sole prerogative of the aged. They wish a golden age right away; and a golden age never comes. They find man inclined to evil, to stupidity, to sloth, to hypocrisy; and their idealism sickens. They pin their confidence upon one particular religious, economic, or political faith, and then discover venality and folly among its exponents and corruption in its councils. Consequently everything is over, and the world is lost. But fortunately, the world is a lot tougher than that. It has survived seas of blood, the blackest of despotisms, the most tyrannical of governments, the greatest abuses of privilege, the most enormous greed of captains and kings, and, yes, of the multitude. It has survived man's baser nature which exists in us all and leads us into incredible inadequacies and idiocies. It has survived because man has an individual soul; because, once shown what is honest, what is just, and what is humane, he cannot but honor those things in the secret places of the heart, however much he may abjure and dishonor them in his daily life. That, at least, is what I believe. On every side today there are plenty of phenomena that might induce what is almost despair. But the toughness of our mortal constitution is what I bank on. It survives sensuality, misanthropy, colossal selfishness, and the wrangling of nations. For "the spirit of Man is the candle of the Lord."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

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Continued on page 34

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PERSONALS

Continued from page 33

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 646

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

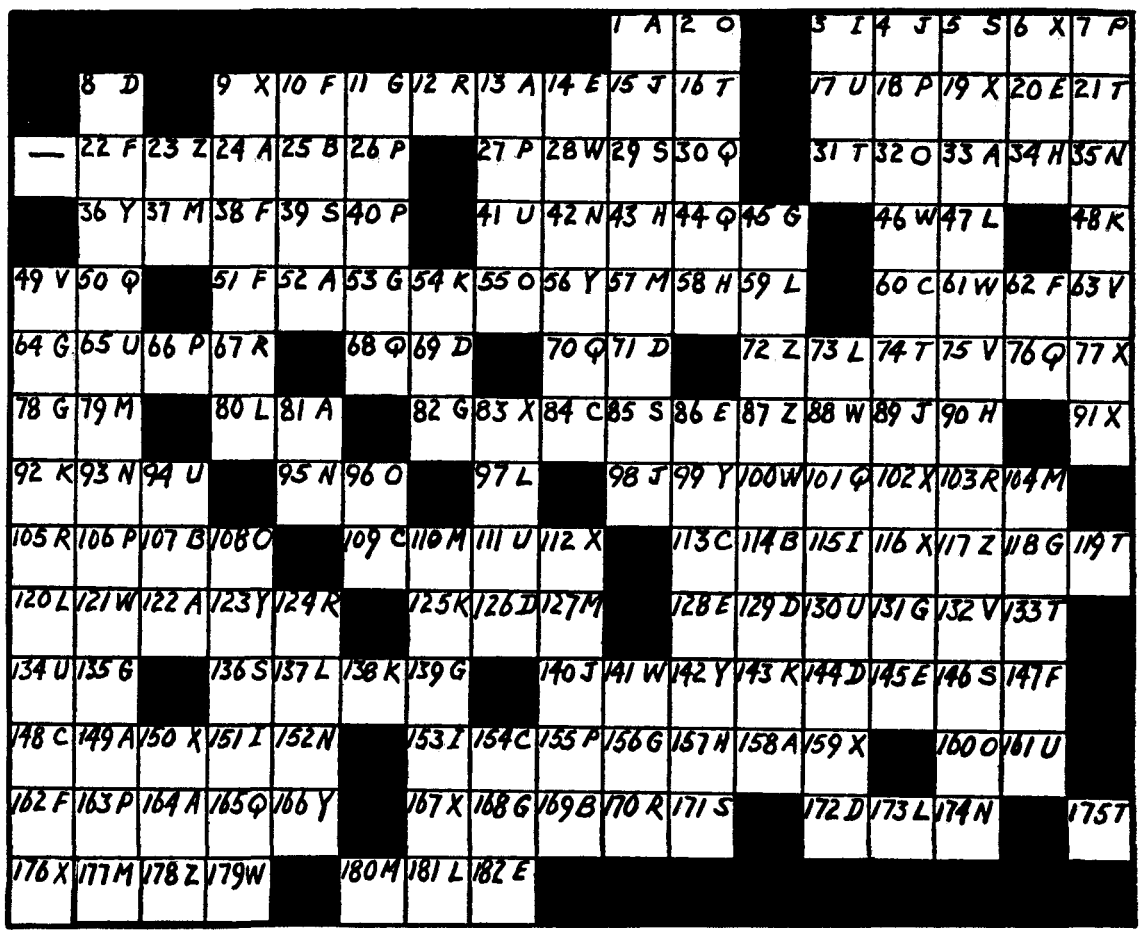
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Story by Hawthorne, dramatized by Percy Mackaye as "The Scarecrow."	81 13 24 1 149 33 122 158 164 52
B. Successor to Horace Greeley as editor of the *New York Tribune*.	114 107 25 169
C. Displaying shrewd discernment and sagacity.	60 148 109 84 113 154
D. Tennessee "Community" founded by Frances Wright (1825-8) for Negro emancipation scheme.	71 8 144 126 69 129 172
E. A peasant tenant in Scotland (subject of a well-known poem by Burns).	20 128 145 182 86 14
F. Obsession by powerful emotion.	38 22 162 62 10 51 147
G. A person of pompous appearance but actual insignificance (Slang; 2 wds.).	78 11 156 118 135 131 64 139 82 53 168 45
H. English political scientist and Labor Party leader (1893-).	157 58 34 90 43
I. A set of four in counting.	151 115 153 3
J. Displayed ostentatiously.	4 140 89 15 98
K. A jequirity bean.	54 143 125 48 92 138
L. Pseudonym of John Adams in *The Boston Gazette*, in reply to Daniel Leonard's Tory articles.	173 80 73 97 137 120 59 181 47

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A deer, formerly of China, with antlers having peculiar tines.	127 104 177 180 110 57 37 79
N. In Russia, one White at heart but Red in public utterances (Slang).	93 42 174 95 152 35
O. Romance by Mary Austin (1905) of Mexican rule in California.	160 96 55 108 32 2
P. "Ordinance" of 1787 (U. S. Hist.).	40 18 26 7 163 27 106 155 66
Q. American poet laureate of Nebraska (1881-).	44 50 101 30 70 165 76 68
R. Instrumental exercises (Fr.; Chopin's are well-known).	67 12 103 105 170 124
S. To brag, bully; to revel riotously.	171 136 5 85 29 39 146
T. Changed the place, position, or direction of.	175 21 119 31 133 74 16
U. A card game resembling newmarket but more elaborate (2 wds.).	41 134 17 94 130 65 111 161
V. English soldier and mariner, author of "Newes from Virginia," 1610.	75 63 132 49
W. Cauterization; burning.	28 141 121 179 100 46 88 61
X. Publication of New England poems by Robert Frost (1914).	116 83 19 176 91 150 102 9 167 159 112 77 6
Y. Destroyed or removed the interior or contents of.	36 99 56 166 123 142
Z. Ostentatious.	117 23 72 87 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

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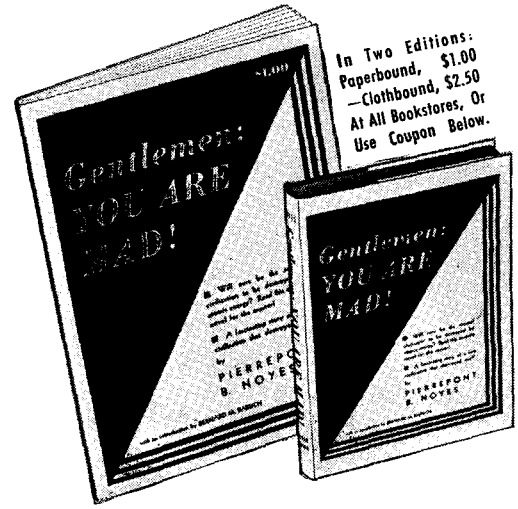

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR—PIERREPONT B. NOYES, author of "GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE MAD!", is one of the country's leading liberal industrialists. As head of the famous Oneida (N. Y.) Community experiment, he directed the activities of that cooperative to the point where its principal product, *Community Silver Plate,* became famous the world over. During the first World War, Mr. Noyes had an opportunity to see, and be alarmed by "statesmanship" at work while serving as a member of the Peace Conference. Subsequently, he was appointed by Woodrow Wilson to the American post in the commission which ruled Germany after the war. He is author of "WHILE EUROPE WAITS FOR PEACE", in which he predicted a Hitler for Germany, and prophesied a convulsion that would destroy Europe and might destroy civilization.

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